ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By ELIZA REEVES.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)

TO HIS GRACE

The DUKE of MANCHESTER.

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DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

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My Lord Duke, To THOY

AT a period when the welfare of this Country may demand your closest attention, and an exertion of every ability, I cannot but feel myself particularly honoured by the generous support your Grace has given to my Work.—It is but seldom, my Lord, that we behold the lustre of public duties blended with an attention to the lesser interests of society.

ing approbation.

An able Statesman, a real Patriot, or a General of superior talents form characters which may excite respect and admiration. but when Justice, Benevolence, and Humanity, unite with great abilities, the dignity of the human mind shines forth with redoubled lustre. In an age which daily produces works of taste and learning, your Grace's protection has given me fortitude to persevere in an attempt where diffidence of success might otherwise have checked my pen.—I own myself ambitious to excel, and have realized my highest wishes, in your Grace's condescending approbation.

I am, my Lord,
Your GRACE's most dutiful,

And most devoted,

may de charres BldmbH attention, and an exercison of every ability, I cannot but feel myfelf

TIOQUII AUGISTIS ELIZA REEVES.

feldom, my Lors, that we behold the hiftre of public curies blended with an attention to the

leffer interests of fociety.

Meyer can kind Compassion want a plea,

Her gentle feelings conto at in thec.

If that the lines in plaintive measures move,

They flow from forrow, friendship, and from love; H. E. R. G. R. A. C. E.

Tie, that of all one pathon is the foul.

The Mule frould freak the language of the heart

I'll climb Parnactie, il you deign to fmile

Exulting bear to carrie Luterpe's tyre,

And emulate a litara you ma

DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER

I F ever condescension was misplac'd,
On humble bards by judgment, wit, and taste;
Ah! Deign with kind indulgence to peruse,
The artless numbers of an infant Muse.
O'er each dull page let hood-wink'd Justice sleep,
And mercy one eternal vigil keep:

Never

Never can kind Compassion want a plea,

Her gentle feelings center all in thee.

If that the lines in plaintive measures move,

They slow from sorrow, friendship, and from love;

And if one tedious sameness tinge the whole;

'Tis, that of all one passion is the soul.

If they are not correct, 'tis less like art,

The Muse should speak the language of the heart:

Want they poetic fire, or losty stile,

I'll climb Parnassus, if you deign to smile;

Exulting bear to earth Euterpe's lyre,

And emulate a strain you may admire.

and who imports disciplibile

And mercy one eternal vigil keep :

I F ever concludention was misplaced,

On humble bards by judgment, wit, and talke;

Ah! Deign with kind indulgence to perafe,

The article numbers of an intent Muse.

PO E M S. M S. The breaking heart defert, and follow thee

Where 'ere thou lead's .- - nor shrinks at infam,

Mexit comes the Rolling with remonitely hand

To marder nerv'd by thy secured command. "A H E.

From these a content, from Heil thy birth arole,

POWER OF GOLD.

And Engelous's Sons breque a lervile train,

Mammon---despotic King---how great thy sway!
Thy nod resistless---all Mankind obey.
Love, Honour, Friendship, deaf to Virtue's call,
Before thy shrine, with rev'rence prostrate fall!
Thy glitt'ring beam, warms the pale Coward's heart,
And barbs, with deadly ills, the Soldier's dart.
Great Chymist of the mind! thou canst transmute.
Nature's pure metal, 'till it forms a brute.
Hail, Tyrant of Mankind! behold thy train!
Behold the emblems of thy hellish reign!
Around thy throne, how many woes attend;
A faith ess lover, or pretended friend,

The

The breaking heart desert, and follow thee

Where 'ere thou lead'st---nor shrinks at infamy.

Next comes the Russian, with remorseless hand,

To murder nerv'd by thy accurs'd command.

From Heav'n outcast, from Hell thy birth arose,
erom whose dark womb, each human misery slows.

Whole kingdoms wear thy fell-destructive chain,
And Freedom's Sons become a servile train.

Yet boast not, soe to man, thy baneful force;
A Pow'r, yet greater, stops thy rapid course.

Death spurs those glitt'ring baits mankind admire,
And spite of thee, thy fav'rite sons expire.

In vain you bribe, the awful King desses!

And all thy splendor ends in---HERE HE LIES!

Great Chymift of the mind! thou can't transmate

Noture's pure, metal, 'eil it forms a bruti-

Hall, Tyrant of Manking! behold thy train

Account the throne, how many were account;

Behold the emblems of the hellich reign!

A faithlefs lover, or protended friend,

Odnosals, to chept she madingley of the but thought a best of

ADVERSITY.

The votaty swhich grace, her trained without, of a seed grace

Like modelf Virgo, step it ander and leon in-

ADVERSITY! sage tutor of the mind, Thou best instructor of the human heart, Before thy shrine with awe I bend! and though Unfought thy all-terrific form, hard thy Lessons, and severe thy mien; yet, Oh! what Thy benefits! what fure rewards await Thy heav'n-fent precepts! To thee we owe the Honest medium, through which we view the Imperfect joys of human life. It is Thy friendly microscopic pow'r alone Explores the num'rous thorns which lie conceal'd Beneath its purest blessings, for he who Clasps a bleffing, clasps a woe. Too late the Fatal truth we own, or who would rest, or Build, upon the rotten base of earthly Blis? Thy meagre shape no gaudy drap'ry

Conceals, to cheat the gazing eye---but thou, Like modest Virtue, step'st aside, and scorn'st To mingle with the giddy throng. Few are The votarys which grace her train or thine, Though both alike the common friend of man.

Thou best instructor of the hun When deaf to Virtue's gentle precepts, the Heart, supine, lulled by the syren voice Of Ease and Pleasure, rich libations Offer at their crouded shrines: Thou, her bright Sister angel! dost appear, shake the proud Temple to its trembling base, and with thy Sable wand put'st all the herd of wanton Priests to flight, and to the scatt'ring winds in Atoms tear'st the gaudy veil which hid their Black deformity, firik'ft from the 'nervate Hand the fascinating rosy bowl, and Call'st each slumbering virtue back to life. Teaching the mind fair truth, knowledge of worth Inestimable, and value far 'bove

Mortal price. But while kind fortune gaily Smiles, and highly waves her purple mantle Round, caught by the splendid scene, we follow Pleasure's soft bewitching voice; while the broad Glittering shield of gay Prosperity, Repels misfortunes sharpest darts, and veils The fuffering wretch from Pleasure's laughing Eye, and drowns the cry of supplicating Woe, bright Reason calls in vain! she starts, and Flies indignant from that hedious fight, A harden'd human heart. Oh Heav'n! fay why Is Wisdom and Affliction one? soft Pleasure's mingl'd hues obscure bright Virtue's ray; And as the cheating glow-worm leads by night The unwary traveller on to death And desolation, so strays the mind Forlorn, when she forsakes her post. While our Flatt'ring passions conspire to aid the Fatal error, and nought but thy approach, Adversity, can break the fatal sleep,

And guide us to some less deceiving, thoughout land. More limited perspective .-- All hail! thou bas soling Friend of man, ADVERSITY! All hail! thou Test of friendship, and thou test of love I thou and and Cool unbias'd judge! thou fire celest'al! Which tries the human heart, its native worth is beginned. Assays, and ascertains its rectitude, Or base alloy; and rich reward bestows, If sterling found. Thou art the friend of truth! Duty's criterion, and the guiding Star of foft compassion. 'Tis by thy Aid, the parent eye explores the strength of Filial love! parental fondness proves Its force as woes encrease, and love when on Fair Virtue founded, by thee affailed, Displays its heav'nly essence! while Friendship Owes her richest honors to thy hand. Thine Is her facred, favourite hour!---when no long going all Gay tinfel pomp allures the eye-n-when pale Disease has blighted Nature's bloom---when the

Warm fun of gay Prosperity no more Resplendent shines---when temporary friends, Summer gale, that sport and flutter in the Beam of prosp'rous Life, unpitying fly, And leave the fuff'ring heart to figh alone, And range at large the rugged wilds of woe: When pale-eyed Melancholy, with pangs Acute, heaves high the throbbing heart---when from Th'averted eye the tear of woe bedews The pallid cheek---when clouds o'ercast the sun Of life's bright morn---when pale meagre Want, with Ghaftly look, strikes terror through the breast, late Lull'd upon the downy lap of laughing Plenty---when dying Friend's quick short'ning fighs, Shake Nature's strongest nerve---when long painful Absence from a kindred heart, spreads a dark Shade o'er the once sparkling eye, and dims each Gleam of joy, ploughing deep furrows on the Once smooth brow: In these dread hours, 'tis Friendship's

Most delightful task, to cheer with radiant Beam the weeping eye: Her penetrating Sight explores the inmost chambers of the Soul; the fecret grief which honest Pride would Fain conceal, and bares with tender touch the Festering wound; and from the trembling heart Extracts the barbed shaft, which rankled there. Eager she flies to share or wipe the tear Of anguish, from the pallid, woe-worn cheek: The dulcet music of her voice is, to The listening quicken'd ear of painful Apprehension, harmony divine! Lulls ev'ry care to fleep, and to the heart, Long harrass'd by despair, speaks hope and rest: While at her fide her foft-eyed handmaid, Pity waits; and with her bright help-mate, quick Sensibility, unasked, bestow The balmy tear, and with their chearing smiles Irradiate the gloom; nor e're infult The humbled heart, with pride low-minded, or Or illiberal fcorn, keen reproach, or
Contumelious fneer: These are thy sweet,
Thy godlike fruits, Adversity, thou kind
Celestial maid!

High will .-- Shall man then date to execute Then why does human nature shrink at thy Approach, fince it is thou alone giv'st birth to Fair Sincerity? To Flatt'ry thou Art a deadly foe: Thy powerful arm tears Off the thin disguise which veils the treach'rous Selfish heart, and bares the envious soul To open day: Safe from the midnight steel, Which arms the ruffians murd'rous hand, in Soft fecurity thy children fleep; pale Envy, even from thy shadow flies, and In her place foft Pity reigns triumphant. Without thy friendly aid grave Schoolmen teach, In vain, the vanity of human life, And theory of Refignation, The lyse of friendily a turns its Wisdom most divine!

But by thy all-convincing precepts taught, Isradilli 10 Soon we reduce to practice all their rules anoismutaco Thy godlike fruit Austere; our boist'rous passions all Are tun'd to peace, and humbly bend to heaven's High will .--- Shall man then dare to execrate Thy power, fince the omniscient hand And just gradations of Almighty and sould mororgia Will, directs thy falutary rod, and Fits mankind for endless bliss above? 2001 (lbash a stake Off the thin difguife which wife the treach four

ODE for LYSANDER'S Birth Day.

Selfife heart, and bares the envious for

To open day: Safe from the midnight fired

Envy, even from the fraction field and in the place fold Pity reagns or ampliant HILE round the chearful board with festive mirth, Each grateful heart salutes the happy day Which boasts the honor of Lysander's birth; The lyre of friendship tunes its sacred lay.---

AVATRIOSS

Health with rosy bloom advance, Guiltless joy and jocund dance: Love fincere thy blis impart, Haste to glad Lysander's heart.

II.

Friendship virtuous! unconfin'd, Shield from vice his lib'ral mind: Plenty all thy bleffings show'r, Peace and honor crown each hour.

n the gainers I bloom which the same year in not I

A retuge from a world of ours and pain to an A

Ev'ry bleffing mortals know, May great Jove on him bestow! Ev'ry act may heav'n approve, All below admire and love.

Pride, vice and rolly

While innocence and

RECITATIVE.

The mighty Jove! indignant heard the pray'r,

Jealous a mortal should the muse employ;

But viewing straight the wond'rous youth with care,

Nodded assent, and promis'd endless joy.

On SOLITUDE.

HAIL Solitude! unenvy'd path to Heav'n!

Whose soothing gloom, whose peaceful seats were giv'n'
A refuge from a world of care and pain:

Thou art my choice, with thee would I remain.

Though no high-beating joys possess thy shade,

No heart-felt ills thy sacred bounds invade:

Pride, vice and folly fly thy hallow'd shrine,

While innocence and calm content are thine!

Expand thine arms and snatch me to thy breast,

Give what the world denies, oh! give me rest;

Sase in thy pure embrace my woes will cease,

And all my suture days shall smile in peace.

The ADVICE to ALONZO.

With spirit execute, the prize is thine!

Wouldst thou be happy! aim not to be great.

Custom despise whene'er she seeks to move
Thy soul to deeds which reason can't approve.

Seek pleasure only thro' such paths as lead
To Virtue's fane! there may'st thou ever feed
On the rich banquet of pure self-applause,
Nor sind the Goddess careless of thy cause.

To all her vot'ries she makes rich returns,
If round her shrine their grateful incense burns.

Fortune condemn, her brighest gifts disclaim, E'er to her smiles you sacrifice fair same; With great if worthless men, no friendship seek,

Nor tinge with shame thy yet unblushing cheek.

Consult with reason on each great design,

Resolve with care, it is true wisdom's sign,

With spirit execute, the prize is thine!

Where modest merit pines in hopeless woe,

There share thy store, thy gen'rous care bestow:

Bid not alone the fainting body live,

Nor with stern looks debase whate'er you give:

The tear of Pity proves a healing balm,

And gentle accents, sharpest forrows calm.

If Charity, bright attribute of heav'n!

Direct thy steps, may all to thee be giv'n

That youth, that beauty, love and friendship bring,

And honor bear thee on her Eagle wing!

Far from each danger, may thy sate decree

The path, uncrring Wisdom marks for thee.

Fortune condemn, her brighed oifts disclaim.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Short gloams of a.W. T.A.T.I D' & Aucceed,

COME, gentle Sleep! thou temporary peace, we And calm my troubled breast; and have been been been where pangs unnumber'd, ev'ry hour encrease, And leaves no hopes of rest.

The filent hour of night no comfort knows, Nor breaks the morn but to augment my woes.

Thy magic rod a snonem lendy a low term and

In vain you touch the trembling strings,

With sweet Lydian art;

In vain soft pleasure spreads her wings,

To chear the grief worn heart.

In vain the tabors sprightly sound,

The mazy dance invite:

In vain bright Phebus beams around,

Still, still, 'tis dreary night!

O D STATISTE E. P.

by the it worthing ment, no freed thin

Short gleams of hope, to awful fears succeed,

Come, Morpheus, calm with thy friendly pow'r;

Without thee, night does but affliction feed, Mo.

And direful horrors fill the midnight hour.

And leaves no hopes Aof IrefA.

Where pangs unnumber'd, ev'ry hour encrease,

Haste ling'ring God, my pray'er attend,

Thy sable mantle spread!

Thy magic rod a moment lend,

With poppies bind my head.

With (weet Lydian art;
was for pleasure spreads her wings,

In tranquil flumber drown my woes,

Drive phantoms far away:

My weeping eyes in pity close,

Since joy has fled the day.

RECL

Parent, Wil parent little William I tan deard to de della

Soliloguy, on being awakened by the Tolling of a Bell.

A guide, or energy hand, to thereby it from H me! what awful found now fudden wakes IT My slumb'ring sense? Its solemn tone proclaims and W Death's fad tremendous victory---Hah! it Strikes again --- and strikes my trembling foul with Full conviction of its certain flight, or the last all all To that tribunal, where it must receive Its just irrevocable doom--- Again! wall vary an an O It loud proclaims a foul releas'd by heav'n's Indulgent call from mortal woe. Listen, Ye vain! ye gay, attend the friendly voice Of your best monitor--- the voice of Death---It speaks that pleasing truth--- that ALL MUST DIE! Though aweful, pleasing to the troubled foul. Ah, again! it strikes another pang through The furvivors trembling hearts. Perhaps the

Parent, or parental friend, has ceas'd to Cherish and instruct the unwary mind, Now left exposed to all the baleful Influence of a guilty world, without A guide, or careful hand, to fnatch it from The gaping gulph of vice, or shew the asp Which lies concealed beneath the flowers, in dan 11 Which, blooming, decorate its fatal brink. Perhaps Misfortune's heir, no one to shield Its helpless age from chilling Poverty's Ruder grasp? While Infancy, unmindful Of its mighty loss, sports smiling round the Bier, and innocently thinks its lifeless Parent sleeps; and nought excites its wonder, But the clay-cold touch, from which its little Hand shrinks back appall'd---or else, ah, me! in The heart-trying, this dark afflictive hour, The parent mourns his disappointed hope, Fond airy fancy, form'd of fillial Aid; th' apparent safest prop of feeble

Three the axis against the Kingh book wife no decident

Age, which dawning Virtue fair, veiling Death's
Sharp scythe, had promis'd to the parent breast.

What shrieks of horror! Ah, 'tis a mother's Voice! Hark! in frantic agonies, which shake The base of piety and sense, she calls Her child---close to her breaking heart, clasps the Pale lifeless form, where late the rosy smile Of innocence, triumphant reign'd on the Dimpled cheek of blooming youth---Cold he lies! No more his heav'n illumin'd eye, reflects The fond, the raptured parent's look of Love ineffable! That cheek, where late the Rose in native beauty glow'd, Death's icy Breath bedews! Oh Fortune! Life! how false thy Promises! thy gifts, how sew! how insecure! Each hour pale Disappointment smiles at thy Delusive joys, swift as the morning cloud They pass away; glitter, and disappear, Like early dew. In a mailleanmon old cold to help one appell

b'yomall

Perhaps he fleeps? Ah, no! he is gone! for loudy og A Ever gone !--- the raves! her mournful plaints thrill grad? Vibrate on my ear, speak all her pangs, and Pierce my sympathising heart. While each wild W Speechless agony-i-contracted brow, and latell looioV Eye-balls fixt upon the closing lid, love, aiq lo shed ad T-Grief, and horror, utter above the reach do-blide 19H Of words, 'till grown too mighty for her breast, il all I Anguish bursts forth indignant -- He's gone! she Cries, torn in the bloom of youth, from each fond Careful heart, from each delighted, gazing Eye---Stop! stay, ye sable ministers of Death's flow pageantry---Oh, stay! stay, while I Snatch one look, one last embrace, e'er yet you Tear the lovely ruin from these eyes for Ever, and make the dark, the clay-cold grave, Supply the warm embraces of a mother's Arms!---But, ah! they hear her not: Daily to Scenes of woe inur'd, their adamantine Hearts are steel'd to soft compassion's plea.

Unmov'd, they bear her treasure off! The calls is about a In vain--- speech dies upon her faultering tongue----Her beating heart at once lies Hill -- the faints ! blast oo T Blest interval! kind pause from misery! a said shravba 10 A fhort suspension from such pangs as Time, that pow'rful lenetive, ralone can sadw I do , sull The pangs which rend the midow'd breaft ? transfirt, aru'd Or the grim Tyrant---deaf, regardless of mi sit should A fond Lover's prayer, perhaps enfolds and guildment as H. Within his icy arms, with greedy grasp, mod when li &A A form, late glowing with fair health, and where it slow Each grace shone forth with lustre heavenly noise most bad Bright! and beauty reign'd with sway unrivall'd! Where the foft modest eye, with conscious gior no line of Virtue beaming, told her boundless, blameless and blinky Love! no more the hears his ardent vows of Everlasting truth, or flatters with her with line as sis w Smiles, a lover's fondest hopes! his fighs norm ylevol ad T More are heard ! -- celeftial joys alone nool some diname H Engage her mounting soul! her native heav'n

Demands

Ancw.

Demands its own, and weds her spotless heart.

To everlasting bliss, which it beheld

Too tender to have borne the ruder force and described of adverse life's tumultuous waves.

A Thort fullication from fuch papas as a surface and the

But, ah! what words can paint, or thought conceive, The pangs which rend the widow'd breast? transfixt, She stands the image of despair! while to Her trembling knees her weeping infants cling, As if already conscious of her drive are no volcied midri W Sole support; --- from heart to heart swiftly the Sad contagion flies, for genuine grief not save to the Contaminates; domestic order fled jor varied has laden T Confusion reigns in every face; and select Williams and and will While tears fill every late attentive de bloom and and V Eye. Mute, round the chamber of despair, they Wait at awful distance, and, silent, o'er The lovely mourner, watch; but fad, severe, Rememb'rance soon recals her torpid sense To feelings most acute, and points each pang

Demands

Anew. Where now the kind protector of Her fame, her welfare, and her joys? who now Shall shield her from the Oppressor's hand, and Guide her helpless orphans infant steps? that Heart, which all her little arts to please, so Late delighted, now no longer beats to Toys connubial; the pure untainted Blifs of wedded love. Those lips, whose gentle Accents footh'd each anxious hour, are clos'd For ever! Those eyes which sparkled on their Bridal morn with joy extatic, are veil'd By Death's impervious night .--- That voice whose Magic found, thrill'd all her foul with joy, no Longer greets her listening ear; but ah! Where now the hand, which earned for her and For her infants bread? Languid and cold it Lies, nor can her eager grasp and scalding Tears, restore the slacken'd nerves elastic Pow'r.---Stretch'd by her yet lov'd Lord she lies, nor Will resign him to his last abode; her

Widow'd bed the tomb of all her joys, she Wiews with frantic eye and wearies heaven
With fruitless pray'rs—half excerations
Mingled with each figh, till quite exhausted
Nature claims her sway; her gentle spirits
Sink beneath its pow'r. Nor long her bosom
Such sharp pangs endures, the chain once broke which
Bound two kindred hearts—the solitary
Mate not long sustains the painful absence.

Kind heav'n beckons to the blest abode, and
Re-unites them in eternal bliss! no
More to dread nor feel the worst of human
Ills, the afflictive parting pang.

The CHAPLET.

For her infacts brend? Languid and cold it

Tears, ratione the flachen'd neares daffic

Where now the hand, which earned for her and so

WHILE bees sips nectar from the rose,

And Zephyrs court my swain's repose,

Beneath the woodbine shade;

I'll twine a Chaplet for his brows,

Of ev'ry lovely flow'r that grows,

By nature fragrant made.

The myrtle's never-fading green,

With laurel wove each branch between,

My lasting truth shall prove:

While jess'min's virgin whiteness shows,

How pure the source from whence it flows,

And paints my spotless love.

Sleep on, lov'd youth, while I prepare

This wreath, to bind thy flowing hair

In nature's lovely band:

So may our hearts united be,

If fo much blifs is meant for me,

When I receive thy hand.

Me change of fortant drives thee from

While labouring that Make de voor way.

Thy foothing voice beguides the hugiring day

Beneath the woodbine shades,

Of every lovely flowin that prows,

On Hword of Piple E. is snive II'l

OFFSPRING of heav'n! thou faithful friend of man!

In pity, when creation first began,

By the all-bounteous hand was't given,

To smooth our passage to the plains of heav'n!

All hail, thou sun of human life! bright ray!

Which kindly guides us thro' the dreary way;

Where woe, the native lot of all mankind,

In dreadful shapes, assail the firmest mind.

Assertion these new feet the work

Sustain'd by thee, we resolutely bear

The worst of ills, and triumph o'er dispair:

Onward we chearful bound, nor look behind,

Like fearful infants, on whose ductile mind,

The tale impress'd of horrid spectres near,

In shadows see a train of ghosts appear.

While labouring thro' life's devious way,

Thy soothing voice beguiles the ling'ring day;

Some

Some fair perspective opens to our view, silling all By thee still strengthen'd we the toil renew;

The pris'ners chain grows slack, awhile he is free,

No state so wretched but finds case with thee.

Thro' dark damp cells thy chearing rays are spread,
And comfort gives to poverty's bleak shed:
Thy friendly presence breaks the wintry gloom,
And paints the pallid cheek with rosy bloom;
Converts to down the sick man's irksome bed,
And smooths the pillow for his aking head.
No change of fortune drives thee from thy post,
Thy anchor parts not, though the vessel's tost:
While bursting clouds fair nature's face deform,
You brave the thunder, and outride the storm.
Unlike the world, from gilded dormes you sly,
Nor friendly visits to low roofs deny;
Where oft high worth and suff'ring virtue pine
In black despair, 'till rous'd by Hore divine!

Highly

And temp rally to fave.

Oh, godlike herald of eternal reft live query in a most Thou faithful inmate of the throbbing breaft!

Oh, leave me not, still grant thy tender care, and the Direct my steps to heaven, nor quit me there.

On hearing the Rev. Mr. Wheatley's Lectures upon Rhetoric.

HAIL Rhetoric! heaven-born art, all hail!

I bend before thy shrine;

O'er ev'ry heart, thy god-like pow'rs prevail,

With influence divine!

Vice trembling falls beneath thy honest force,

And owns fair Virtue's charms;

While Charity, awaken'd by thy voice,

The coldest bosom warms.

Perish the tongue that dares profane thy laws,
Which heav'n in pity gave,

To plead on earth the suffering wretches cause,

And temp'rally to save.

Virgil's fam'd hero all our wonder moves, By thee great Wh---y's fung;

Fresh beauties spring in Eden's happy groves, From thy emphatic tongue. A total emond told

Man's guiltless state and bliss, when told by you, Our flumb'ring faith revives;

And each fair scene the wond'rous Milton drew, In thy just accent lives:

Fam'd Spencer's labour'd allegoric lays, Thy genius renders clear,

Each period crowns the Poet's urn with bays, And claims th'attentive ear. udio b knus lew of P

Could Cataline arise from earth's recess, To wait Rome's dread decree: ne out you had or

His guilty soul, affrighted, would confess, Her Cicero in thee. Louder than both the of

LESBIA. Diened abauel al

IN Lesbia's form no beauties shine, The Lover's heart to bind; Yet Lesbia boasts of charms divine! The graces of the mind.

Not fam I. Ducas:

Love, virtue, friendship, there reside,

Whose pow'r can ne'er decay;

While beauty, in its highest pride,

But blooms and dies away.

To Captain Sir Hyde Parker, Commander of his Majesty's ship Phoenix.

Man's galltiefs finte and bliss, when told by you,

a survey draw partitional and.

Thy genius conders clear,

WHILE Albion's grateful fons await the day,
The well earn'd tribute of applause to pay;
The raptur'd Muse on swifter wings must foar,
To hail her hero on the hostile shore;
Nor winds, nor waves, restrain her rapid wing;
Louder than both, thy praise she slies to sing!
In sounds heroic, each bold deed display'd,
The soe shall wonder, and shrink back dismay'd.
Not sam'd Æneas, when the frantic dame
His sleet devoted to the vengeful slame,

More dauntless brav'd the angry Juno's hate, Than thou the raging battle's doubtful fate. When hostile fires did thy fair bark surround, And death or conquest hung suspended round; Thy god-like courage fir'd thy hardy crew, They fought for Albion, and they fought for you. Secure alike of Albion's thanks and thine, Whose gen'rous voice did ne'er their praise confine. Propitious! in her car, Bellona came, Thy Phænix rose still brighter thro' the slame: Rude Neptune smil'd, and still'd the raging sea, And Mars confess'd his fav'rite son in thee! So stood the Goddess born in that dread hour, When the blue light'ning, and the thunders roar, Hurl'd destruction on the Hero's head, And every human aid and hope feem'd fled. Go on, brave Hyde! each hostile band disarm, And may the Gods, with ev'y potent charm, Circle thy brow, fecure from death or harm:

Whose boundless courage knew no selfish laws,
When rous'd in Brunswick and Britannia's cause.
Guard Empress of the sea thy godlike son!
Long let him wear the laurels bravely won.
May Liberty her sacred ardor lend,
Achilles' shield thy gen'rous breast defend,
And Vict'ry still upon thy steps attend,
While British annals shall record thy same,
And future hero's glow at Parker's name!
Domestic joys shall thy soft moments crown,
And virtue's sacred fruits be all thy own.

O D E.

A T dawn of day where Phæbus bright!

Salutes the hills around:

The feather'd race thro'out the grove,

Awake their mates with fongs of love,

And fleecy lambkin bound.

II.

All nature hails returning day! The lark on mounting wing: While op'ning flow'rs perfume the gale, Embroid'ring all the verdant vale, And marks the approach of spring.

will. being been non beim min us?

Was cold bear a specific hide a court state or and

But man of all the mortal race, Awakes to toil and woe, Contending wishes rack his mind, In vain he seeks that peace to find, Which humbler beings know.

To fail a noble cause: .VI

bet tey fire foot up become beat

Say what's the cause of all our ills, No country claims a While man heav'n's care employs? 'Tis pride and fell ambition's pow'r, Disturbs his peace, corrodes each hour, And human bliss destroys.

Be thine the doe

EXTEMPORE, on hearing that the French King had given Capt. WINDSOR his Sword and Parole to attend Admiral KEPPEL's Trial.

WHEN Gallia's King, Britannia's foe,

Was told brave Keppel's fate;

See him with gen'rous anger glow,

And rife fupremely great!

"Brave Windsor go, thy sword receive,

To Britain haste thy way,

Thy brave, thy injur'd friend relieve,

Let shame his foes repay:

Let thy firm foul no interest bind, To fail a noble cause;

No country claims a gen'rous mind, No foe with-holds applause.

Be thine the deed to burst the cloud, Which veils the hero's fame,

While Gallia mourns his wrongs aloud, And trembles at his name."

An Invocation to Truth.

COME, white-robed Truth, celestial maid!

And here thy heavenly influence shed,

No more shall errors dark, the soul invade,

O'er which thy all radiant shield is spread.

Anczove with one acm

Far from thy bleft abode shall falshood fly,

And with reluctant steps to hell retire;

While light from thee, shall beam on ev'ry eye,

And warm each bosom with seraphic fire!

in.

Daughter of God! oh haste, angelic fair!

And lead me safe thro' life's uncertain way,

Its num'rous ills instruct me calm to bear,

And guide my soul to heav'n's unclouded day.

PARAPHRASE, on Part of the 119th PSALM, 73d Verse.

FORM'D by thy hand, Lord! give me grace

To keep thy facred word!

So shall all they who feek thy face,

Approve with one accord.

Is that shods field vil mort as I

Oh God! thy judgments are most just,

Tho' fore they wound the heart:

Comfort thou giv'st to those who trust,

Nor from thy laws depart.

History 1 books and the Coll

With rev'rence thy commands I view;

They fill my foul with joy;

In vain the proud my steps pursue,

Thy laws my thoughts employ.

PARSO

Sweet is the converse which I take o that he is seen so that the take of the like the seen of the like the seen remarks by the seen remarks for the seen rem

She bed to M. T. I M. O. M. Q. A. A. A. T. I. M. O. M. Q. M. Q. A. T. I. T. I. M. O. M. Q. A. A. T. T. I. M. O. M. Q. M. Q. M. Q. M. O. M.

LORENZO! heedless, erring youth, attend, or back.

Nor spurn the dictates of a faithful friend; you of the Mear Virtue's voice, revere her sacred form!

Obey her precepts, what she bids, perform!

With heedful steps, be careful lest you stray be to Mean of the parties and responsible to Mean and the same and responsible to Mean way; and Mean and the same strain of the same strain way; and where syren pleasure seems for thee to wear and same strain.

Where syren pleasure seems for thee to wear and same strain.

Beneath their sweets the snake in ambush lies, and wounds, unseen, by man's deluded eyes.

Gay scenes of folly eagers we pursue productions and a series of series of folly eagers with the view of the Wiew of the Wiew

But from fair Virtue! bliss unclouded springs,
She bears the smiling hours on purple wings;
Her pow'rful shield from fatal ills defend,
And rosy health her peaceful steps attend;
No gloomy thoughts disturb the tranquil night,
But from resection rises new delight;
No longer then thy native worth conceal,
Nor let deceitful joys, true blessings steal,
Those clouds which veil thy inborn virtue chace,
And prove thy heart as faultless as thy face.
Pleasure, when reason guides, true joys impart,
While woes unnumber'd wring the vicious heart;
Then Vice, with all her train of ills, dismiss,
From Virtue, only hope for real bliss:

She adds new charms, enlivens every grace, ole node it's While Vice can e'en angelic forms debase : Company of the friend I love seek true felicity.

To Mr. Marriot, on his Return from India, after an Absence of nineteen Years. A

A faith fo race in this abondon'd are

WELCOME! thrice welcome, to thy native shore, Where kindred hearts thy absence long deplor'd:
With painful doubts and sears they beat no more,
The husband, brother, friend, at length restor'd.
Each word, each look; each eager act proclaim
The joyful tumult in their raptur'd hearts!
Each voice incessant hails thy much-lov'd name,

Such gen'ral joy the long-fought blifs imparts!

That brightest gem" you ve brought -- a society acme

But cease, my Muse, nor vainly strive to paint;
The rapt'rous tide that swells Maria's breast!
Tho' great the pow'r of verse, 'tis here too faint,
For joy like her's, no language e'er exprest!

'Tis thou alone can justly prize her truth, wen abba end Whose heart, thro' long, long years fill beat to thee; O'er time, o'er absence, still the vows of youth and ovid Triumphant reign'd - Oh matchless constancy! 1 of T A faith fo rare in this abandon'd age, si When noptial vows are grown a flanding jeft, 1 o T And gold or vice the female heart engage,

With purest love, sure merits to be blest! EUCOME (thrace welcome, to thy native flore;

Henceforth may health and friendship both unite, To crown with lasting peace thy former toils; Wealth without these, is barren of delight, They gild the brow of age with youthful fmiles. In peace and comfort may you long enjoy, The praise which virtuous actions claim; For Envy's baleful breath can ne'er destroy, and destroy That brightest gem* you've brought --- a spotless name.

* Mr. Marriot brought his fortune home in diamonds.

The great the pow r of verfe, 'tis here too faint,

But ceale, my Muse, nor vaisly strive to paint,

asandana de let s no language e'er exprest!

317

Paraphrase on Part of the 24th Psal L M. Psal L M.

THE King of Glory comes! ye gates, expand!

Doors of immortal frame your portals rear!

The King of Glory comes! whose mighty hand,

Angels obey! and all the nations fear!

Jehova comes! the mighty God of war;

Whose strength in battle hurls th'avenging steel;

Mytiads of Cherubs bear his radiant car;

Bow down, ye heavens! and all creation kneel.

HYMN of Gratitude to the SUPREME

BEING.

God cannot erry gave avect content, while it and in and

FATHER of all! with grateful heart,

Behold thy fervant bow;

How shall I all those thanks impart,

Which in my bosom glow?

Doors of infinertal frame your distally read

Whole terengeh in battle mids th'avenging fleel;

For all thy mercies, Oh my God!

My foul adores thy name;

Through ev'ry grief thy aid bestow'd,

And ev'ry comfort came.

Land Design than 1969 We control (1969) there's

Blest be each pang, each painful hour,

When with submission low,

My soul was taught to own thy pow'r,

From whom all blessings flow.

Resolv'd, beneath each dire event,

To own thy rod most kind:

God cannot err, gave sweet content,

And harmoniz'd my mind.

Of ev'ry aid, save thine alone,

I saw myself bereft;

With fortune, ev'ry friend was flown,

But thou, my God! wer't left.

Sick of the world, its follies tir'd,

Sublimer thoughts my breaft inspir'd, the standard of W.

Than wait its fleeting joys.

With apathy the crowd I view'd, a bould with the Nor grief nor envy knew;

An honest heart was all my pride; in A pride which heav'n inspir'd leaded to the And while it earthly soes defy'd,

To heav'nly joys aspir'd.

What tranquil blifs each moment prov'd,

Refult of trust in thee!

When thou, my God! each thought approv'd,

And shew'd new love to me.

How shall my grateful soul express in the world to all the Those thanks to thee I owed trop or agnot to Who bid a heart that servant bless, an analysis and the With evry joy? belowed animals and the world and the

Form'd by thy hand, the youth appear'd, while and the lov'd; while the God he fear'd, while my wrapt foul approv'd.

Thou God! whose piercing eye explores

Each secret of my breast;

To thee, whose name my soul adores!

Its seelings stood consest.

No outward form first caught my eye,

Nor pow'r or wealth avail'd:

His virtue, sense, and piety, done the year, not mad?

O'er all my soul prevail'd.

How

Still, O my God! thy mercy shew,
Direct the hearts thou'st join'd;
To rev'rence, faith, and virtue true,
And to thy will inclin'd.

Through life, should thy supreme command,

Our path with thorns o'erspread;

By thee supported, hand in hand,

That path content we'll tread.

May we thy facred laws obey,

With ever watchful eye:

And with some off'ring crown each day,

Which to thy throne shall fly.

In all things pleasing to thy sight,

May we each other aid;

Each act be crown'd with pure delight,

While Thou shalt be obey'd.

And when thy will supreme shall end to the Our being here below, to the Ou

The TRIUMPH of VIRTUE.

Through life, should thy supreme command,

clice lupported, band in head,

Which to thy throng that

In that dread hour when Sin subdu'd mankind,

The Prince of Darkness burst the infernal doors,

Out rushed each vice, in hell's dark womb confin'd,

And fixed their standard on H---nia's shores.

Concealed they wander'd till intestine broils,

Held a fair field of action to their view;

Affrighted Virtue sled, and in their toils

All ranks all ages, their fell standard drew.

To paint the band whom thence despotic reign,

The muse must pluck from the fell harpy's wing

The darkest plume, sledg'd with each deadly bane,

Lent by the hand of hell's infernal king.

Invoke some sury soe to human kind,

From black Cocytus lowest depth to trace

With parent hand her offspring's hideous mind,

And stamp a seal upon the lawless race.

Nor waving plume, nor laurel crown they claim,

Nor aught that heav'n approves or heav'n bestows:

Preheminence in Vice their only aim,

While fable banners mark them Virtue's foes.

while to me you I still so well

All laws divine, all social ties they spurn,

Mangle with brutal joy the virgin's same;

Exult to see a virtuous bosom mourn,

And make a jest of their creator's name.

The fons of Belial own their brighter same,

And leave to these the Empire of the night;

Who bolder far, have long since banish'd shame,

And dar'd the searching eye of noon-day light.

See the fell Group * in riot's mad career,

O'er flowing bowls drown Reason's sacred voice:

Tho' pain, want, infamy and death appear,

Yet these they clasp and glory in the choice.

Nor thro' the midnight gloom see heav'n behold,

Crimes which even savages would blush to own:

Supreme in ill, in every vice grown old,

In her black cause are only valiant grown.

Why sleeps thy thunder, just unerring God!

Nor sweeps from earth a race accurst of thee?

Extend for Florio's sake thy heaviest rod,

That in thy judgments he is danger see.

To capital how from hour white home freet.

For mortal voice can never wake the foul,

Supinely flumb'ring o'er her facred ward;

Light'nings must slash, and loudest thunders roll,

To snatch the victim from her treach'rous guard.

Oh, spare the youth *! avert th' avenging dart!

Warn'd of his danger, may he quickly fly

To some safe haven, where his wav'ring heart

May re-assume its native dignity.

Affert thy facred spirit in his heart,

And guard each outwork of his gen'rous breast;

So shall he never from thy laws depart,

For ever guiltless, and for ever blest!

Behold an angel comes! The pray'r is heard!

From high a messenger of love and grace!

The mist dispell'd, the gloomy prospect clear'd,

And Florio humbly seeks his maker's face.

Behold him now in Virtue's facred road,

Sweet peace! and balmy hope! each hour encrease:

He treads the only path which leads to God!

Convinc'd, that virtue is the path to peace.

An EPISTLE sent with two Brace of JOHN DORIES.

DEAR Friend, as I am at this writing,
I hope you'r well: By my inditing,
It will appear, that I have fent you,
What long I've wish'd for to present you,
Two brace of Dories for your table,
More to procure I am not able.
Not small their same, Devonia's boast,
And her's their savourite native coast.
King Quin*, we are told in recent story,
To Plymouth went, to eat John Dory;
Were I to attempt their praise in rhime,
'Tis not whole lustrums would furnish time,

. blodet

To express how firm, how white, how sweet, If best or broil'd, or stew'd they eat \$ 1179UA Or with what truth tradition tells ye, Saint Peter's thumb has mark'd the belly: and HOINH But oft I have heard, though strange the whim, aing of That every fish should three times swim; s'dotten and ail' But, ah, what largenth uoy profes , before you dine all salw , de , bull Quantum sufficit, sauce and wine; bui suit you and spirit Water, dame Nature first supplied of or buord of T And for fauce your cook-maid will provide; or show of T And I have fent some good French brandy, And you have limes and fugar handy: Old British Spirit is very rare, Of what there is, there is none to spare a doing doing But least Old Port you should relish bestym and I senso I Neat as imported, I've sent a take. Proglind lagrant Next post, dear Harriet, I hope to hear, of the mann A How you approve our western chear; and and a sold of For 'tis your talk for to command it, appropriate shirt Since mine is done, who to you fend it. for one aving of

oxono

To express how firm, how white, how sweet,

And you have limes and fugar handy:

AURELIA to PHILANDER.

THRICE has my trembling hand essay'd in vain,

To paint the anguish of my bleeding heart;

'Tis the wretch's only freedom to complain,

But, ah, what language can my woes impart!

Thrice has my soul indignant checkt th'attempt,

Too proud to bare to view the woes I feel;

Too weak to risk a cruel world's contempt,

The fate of all who woes like mine reveal.

But 'tis not to the world I wish to shew

Griefs, which at length yield triumph to despair:

I come, I bare my wounded soul to you,

An angel whispers, banish ev'ry fear.

A meaner sacrifice that soul disdains,

To thee alone the godlike task is giv'n;

My pride to conquer, and to ease my pains,

To give me rest on earth, and peace in heav'n!

ALLERITA

Broke is each friendly, ev'ry kindred chain,

With fortune fled, nor pray'rs, nor tears avail;

To heav'n and thee, ah! let a wretch complain,

For pray'rs, nor tears, o'er callous hearts prevail.

O pardon then, if I should claim awhile

Thine ear, thy pity to my dreadful state;

And on thy check suspend the heart-born smile,
Such as my grief-worn bosom ne'er must meet.

O help me to sustain this load of life,

Which weary nature can no more sustain;

Arrest my arm, snatch back the lifted knife,

And save my soul from everlasting pain.

By you bright heav'n, where waits each rich reward,

I here conjure thee reach thy faving hand;

Nor with cool eye my matchless woes regard,
Woes which should all thy care, thy help command.

But if despair must burst the gates of woe,

Still will I bless thee in the realms above;

Implore Jehova for thy peace below,

And watch thy safety with an angel's love.

Broke is each friendly, ev'ry kindred chain,
But let me trace, while mem'ry hold her feat,
When peace and fafety markt my flow'ry way;
When thy fond heart to mine responsive beat,
And joy came smiling with each welcome day.
'Twas then you saw Aurelia greatly blest, and nobuse O
By parents shielded, and by you belov'd;
No cares intruded, and no woes opprest,
The world admiring, and by felf approv'd approv'd approvided
But mad ambition broke the golden dream, and a som glad o
And tore Philander from my faithful heart;
Thro' the dark veil, no friendly chearing beam
Rose on the fatal morn which saw us part.
Can'ft thou forget that day, that dreadful day,
Which doom'd Aurelia to a life of woe?
When you was borne to distant realms away,
Sighs ceas'd to heave, and friendly tears to flow.
In vain did parents love, and friendship strive,
To fill the fatal vacuum in my foul;
Hope, next to phrenzy, kept my love alive,

And years on years of faith and anguish roll. dates but

inst.

But, ah! your plighted vows no more permits. The fyren hope to chear my fainting heart;

Yet still nor intrest leads, nor grief admits,

One wish to draw the ever-rankling dart.

To fill the bitter cup, Misfortune came,

And Death, more cruel, bore each friend afar;

But Virtue fled not; she, angelic dame!

Sustain d my soul throughout the dreadful war.

But 'tis not she, with all her radiant smiles,

Can shield from pain or poverty's rude grasp;

Or guard the trembling heart from dire alarms,

Or kill the venom of the latent asp.

To servile means say, can Aurelia bend, Whose eye has trac'd the Schoolmens learned page?

Can she with pride or tyranny contend,

Or catch the manners of a vicious age?

Will no kind region, in a calmer sky,

Receive a suff'rer from a stormy sea?

Or grant some shelter whither I may sly,

Where my poor harrass'd heart at rest may be?

Why was I taught to wake the trembling strings,
Why taught to trust to faithless fortune's wings
To bear me to the realms of joy and peace?
Thy yellow fields, each tall majestic wood,
Thy downy couch, thy coffers filled with ore;
Thy glowing gems, thy rare and costly food,
Are striking contrasts of what I endure.
Once did my faithless fortune promise more,
And but for thee, such blessings had been mine,
For thee I spurn'd each hand whose offered store
Had made my fate not more severe than thine.

High heav'n! is witness that my faithful breast,
Ne'er wish'd its forrows might on thine recoil;
My trembling lips no anger e'er exprest,
Nor weeping friends durst censure or revile.
'Twas fate not thee who fixt Aurelia's doom,
It snatch'd love, fortune from my panting breast,
But charg'd Philander to dispell the gloom,
And light Aurelia to a place of rest.

To fervile uncases fav. can a urcita beint.

Oh, grant the wish which fills my weary soul,

To some safe shelter guide Aurelia's feet,

Let my last hours in calm retirement roll,

To fit my soul a bounteous God to meet.

This boon allow'd, a rich reward would give

For ev'ry hour of anguish I have known;

But ah! it would not raise a wish to live,

But would thy days with sweet reslections crown.

Sacred to the Memory of Captain Samuel.

Hough, late in the Service of the Hon.

East India Company.

And claims new pange within her trembling arms.

Speechlett, the against on his author charms

BLEST Shade! tho' fled to bliss, yet thee we mourn:
Friendship shall never quit thy sacred urn!
Her slame shall not with life's dull lamp expire,
But from thy virtues catch immortal sire!
Her tears, a tribute to thy matchless worth,
Shall pour libations on thy hallow'd earth;

Where dwells each Virtue that adorns the mind, And stamps God's image on the human kind. There, in her brightest orb, Affection sleeps, While lost in woe thy widow'd partner weeps; While anguish keen her gentle bosom rends, Down her wan cheek the constant tear descends. Thy smiling boy, a cherub's aspect wears; In him thy look, thy much-lov'd form appears: Speechless, she gazes on his infant charms, And clasps new pangs within her trembling arms. For him she lives! he chains her fast to life; His parent, guardian, but no more a wife! Heav'n heard her pray'rs, her cries without regard, For worth like thine, heav'n only could reward. But heav'n will shield the mourner from despair, And fit her spotless soul, to join thee there! While all a brother, and a friend deplore From Britain's flow'ry plains, to India's shore. On wings reluctant wait the trembling gale, Lest fighs are bearers of the mournful tale,

'Twas thine to lull the grief-worn heart to rest,

With rapture to relieve the lab'ring breast;

With gen'rous aid the mourners wants supply,

And wipe the tear from the averted eye.

Thy rich reward is everlasting joy,

While fruitless tears our mournful hours employ:

Each heart reverberates the swelling sigh,

While angels hail thee in thy kindred sky!

While thy lov'd mem'ry lives in ev'ry breast,

By angels guarded, may thy ashes rest.

To Mr. H—s, who wished he could love! abulab the daid?

Rude passions of the couch d beneath

You wish to love? advent'rous Youth!

Ah! hear a friend impart

A useful, though unpleasing, truth,

Beware a mimic dart.

Thy rich reward is everlathing toy.

i souls will with believe down to

A thousand diff'rent forms assume

Love's shape divinely fair!

So art awhile by sweet persume,

Conceals polluted air.

Avarice oft his charms puts on,

And paints the scene all bright;

Shews all the splendor of her throne,

And cheats the dazzl'd sight.

Rude passions oft lie couch'd beneath

Th' attentive Lover's care,

'Tis but self love those accents breathe,

Which oft delude the fair.

A distant hope of wealth to come

Oft wings the Lover's way,

Or dear desire to vagrant roam,

Pursues the cheating ray.

Beware a missic days.

er all the latest and make the mislooff

Tis not the drapt definite that for siT'

Not so the real God essays,

To lead his sons to joy,

His paths are mark'd through virtues ways,

Whose charms can never cloy.

Would'st thou explore the sacred groves,
Where real beauty shines,

Where Love in all its splendor moves,

Above Peruvian mines.

Reason attend, she courts thine ear,

Nor friendship's voice decide;

They point the path exempt from care,

Where Peace and Love reside.

'Tis not the sparkling eye that beams,

Bright as Golconda's glowing gems,

Can bind the human heart;

'Tis not the polish'd brow serene,

Nor cheek, where triumphs beauty's Queen,

Can lasting blis impart.

Where real beauty thines,

Weers Peace and Love read

'Tis not the blaze of wit that flies,

Like Meteors, for like them it dies,

And leaves all gloom behind:

Like light'ning oft it fatal wounds,

With envy keen its shaft abounds,

And pains the feeling mind.

Sharp pangs the fond embrace succeed,

Poison beneath its beauties hid,

Proclaim the latent asp:

So lurks the thorn beneath the rose,

Whose bloom bewitching sweets disclose,

And court our eager grasp.

Tis not the dimpl'd smiles that play

Around the wanton and the gay,

And charm for one short hour;

Can soften life's corroding care,

Or griefs' oppressive burthen share,

Or blunt Affliction's power.

'Tis not the blazon'd pride of birth,

Can give the abject bosom worth,

Or wealth the heart expand:

Virtue! Fates' darkest shade defies,

Resulgent beams illume the skies,

Where'er she waves her wand!

Where Friendship spreads her chearing smile,

Friendship! which all our woes beguile,

Adore the heav'nly ray!

Clasp the rich blessing to thy breast,

'Bove Sovereign pow'r the pair is bless,

Who tread her slow'ry way.

The eye illum'd by Pity's tear,

The voice that checks the figh of care,

Refistless charms disclose!

True beauty reigns majestic there,

And paints the cheek with bloom more fair,

Than lilly or the rose.

The heart, which swells at tales of woe,

The lips, whence soothing accents flow,

Attunes the soul to love:

And strikes with filent magic art,

The string that vibrates to the heart,

And wild desires reprove.

Philosophy's stern dictates cease,

The softer passions rule with ease,

And wake the torpid soul:

Candour, that speaks a noble mind,

And modesty and sense refin'd,

Its rigid rules controul.

Love's facred fire each thought improves,

On reason's springs each passion moves,

And regulates desire:

Whene'er a maid thus form'd you meet,

With heart sincere and temper sweet,

You'll catch the sacred sire.

For ah! 'tis only charms like these, and beroad limmortal charms that ever please!

Survive youth's short-liv'd hour;

Should heav'n allot thee such a bride,

You would, with sond exulting pride,

Confess the God's soft pow'r.

Kind heav'n will smile on vows sincere;

Virtue, which gilds the highest sphere,

Life's humblest vales adorn:

Fortune's best gifts her smiles improve,

Her's are the charms that must remove

That apathy you mourn.

On the Death of DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Varia and would negligible to be be to be divined.

Sacred to fable night the mournful theme,
Sacred to forrow be the haples hour,
When Garrick slept, and Genius was no more!

You would, with 1614 exultion wilder with 111

Her's are the charms that must remove the same

When Council ments and Clemme was nom

Sacred the hour, when his hallowed herse.

Proclaim'd the short-liv'd pow'r of wit and verse,

And taught mankind no strength of genius can.

Avert the destin'd sate that waits on man.

Mourn, all ye Muses! mourn your fav'rite son;
Who stampt your worth, and fairest laurels won!
Crown'd you with honors, lasting as his name;
And round your Shakespeare spread eternal same!
Mourn, all ye Muses! mourn your sav'rite son;
Dumb be your golden harps, your Garrick's gone!

Vain had ye strung your harps, ye sacred Nine;

Vain had your numbers flow'd in sounds divine,

In vain your sons had trac'd th' historic page,

And plac'd in strongest light dispotic rage,

Had not kind nature, on thy cause intent,

To realize the scene, her Garrick sent.

Mourn, all ye Muses! mourn your sav'rite son,

Dumb be your golden harps, your Garrick's gone!

155 15 100

Whene'er his brow assum'd a tyrant's frown,
Rage shook each bosom, and abhorr'd a crown;
Taught freedom's native sons, that thrones and kings,
Unmark'd by Virtue, are no facred things.
When e'er the truncheon and the waving crest,
Adorn'd the man, the hero stood confess'd;
He rous'd each slumb'ring Virtue in the soul,
And Courage took the reins without controul;
When from his lips fair Freedom's dictates flow'd,
With attic fire each British bosom glow'd;
Mourn, all ye Muses! mourn your favourite son,
Dumb be your golden harps, your Garrick's gone!

But when the softer scenes of life he fill'd,
In grace, ease, learning, and politeness skill'd;
In justice, honour, friendship would he shine,
Or paint benevolence in shades divine:
'Twas then you saw the man be did not play,
The tenor of his life was such each day:
To him the wretched never sued in vain,
His heart deplor'd, or hand remov'd their pain;

While rising merit met a parent's care,

In richest soil he nurs'd the bashful fair;

Nor left to poverty's chill blast the maid,

But rear'd the active mind with watchful aid;

Nor jealous of its worth, with selfish pride,

To check its progress e'er ignobly try'd.

Mourn, all ye Muses! mourn your fav'rite son,

Dumb be your golden harps, your Garrick's gone!

An Epistle to a Friend, with a SETTING Dog.

all more made that the state of the second and more made

Go, gen'rous creature! faithful may'st thou prove
To thy new master, and deserve his love:
The Muse, without a blush, may sing thy praise,
Thy honour'd race oft shone in ancient lays;
And well thy social nature claims the place
In reason, second to the human race.
Ulysses's dog liv'd but his Lord to greet,
Nor life sustain'd but to embrace his seet;

Nor age, nor rags, his mafter could conceal, Nor years of absence cool his faithful zeal: Such pure attachment, without guile or art; Such faith, a satire on the human heart, Which int'rest warps from Friendship's sacred line, To tread the paths of treacherous defign; 'Tis Fortune's smiles form modern Friendship's chain, While Virtue's angel voice but pleads in vain. The faithful dog repels the murd'rer's power, And guards his mafter thro' the fearful hour; When midnight flumbers tempt the villain's knife, To steal, perhaps, his benefactor's life. Thus fafety from the brutal race we gain, While man of man his safety seeks in vain. Go thou and prove, in these degen'rate times, A just reproach on man's politer crimes: Be faithful, gentle, watch thy master's will, And all his vacant hours with pleasure fill. When Nature's sweets forsake their dewy beds, And Night no more her fable mantle spreads;

But blue-ey'd Thetis. in her faffron robe, Reigns the bright Empress of the wond'rous globe; And all the feather'd race, on joyous wing, Their morning hymns to their Creator fing, Then call thy mafter to the verdant field, Where nature, health, and joy does kindly yield; Swift through the rugged stubble speed thy way, And feek with caution the unwary prey. Where Phæbus first his golden beam displays, Guide thou his steps beneath the glowing rays; For so man's care of mortal health requires, To shun the damps, and seek his genial fires; But when the god has meafur'd half his race, And in meridian all his glories blaze, Then feek the windings of the flow'ry glade, And lead thy mafter to the grateful shade; But fly the hollow path and fenny road, Where never man or beast in safety trod; And shun with equal care the darksome wood, Beneath whose gloom the ruffian lurks for blood.

Thus, through the duties of the rural state,

Let thy first care upon his safety wait;

And may thy dumb sagacity descry,

Each ill impervious to the human eye.

But when his voice thy hasty sootsteps bound,

Then let the wounded prey untouch'd be found;

At his command the luscious banquet yield,

Flutt'ring in blood upon the scorching field;

Nor like mankind, because subdu'd, devour,

Nor blend, like them, oppression with thy pow'r.

When the bright evining star shall warn him home,
In safety guide him to the social dome,
Where the lov'd source of all his halcyon hours,
Invokes his welfare of the guardian pow'rs;
In every breeze she hopes his steps to trace,
And chides the lazy dial's equal pace;
To her sond heart, by love-born terrors torn,
Swift sty the herald of his wish'd return;
Fawn on her trembling knee dispels each fear,
And let thy speechless joy announce him near.

He comes! her fond embrace his toil repays,

While thy proud spoils his festive board displays:

Round it, may joy and health for ever slow,

And ev'ry heart with sacred friendship glow;

And when in sleep's defenceless arms they lye,

Watch by their couch, nor close thy faithful eye:

Prove thou a lesson to the human race,

And claim 'mongst man's best friends the second place.

The EXPERIMENTAL LOVER, Inscribed to T. H. B. O. Esq.

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LYCIAS beholds fair Lydia mourn,

His absence or his slight;

Nor lends a smile to ease her pain,

But views her anguish with disdain;

Nay, vows it gives delight.

For, says the swain, that heart ne'er lov'd, and bluow Which only beats to joy; almost and bluow Each pang she seels, proclaims her mine, and braws I The tearful eye is love's true sign, and with lind has Which lovers doubts destroy.

in the neighbeing chareboved hids

But cruel youth, the trial cease, H H Nor wound a heart thine own;
Lydia exists but on thy smiles, but it is not less than the less than the less than the less than a world when a new thousand the from a world when a new thousand the from each vice my soul dissains.

With patience she attends thy will,

Nor chides the you neglectrovers their nonnear A
The smile of joy, the sigh of dage, a lubinity a view as
The conscious blush, the grateful tear; as above that
Where class in close evind the protect builded in close evidal threams so it murmuring flow.

Ind Aco vales where fragrad flow rets blow.

A foul, by fordid passions sway'd,

Would spuringlich arts as thine; minus out avail no il

But Lydia's fate depends on you; and the dail W

Reward her faith, thylblis pursue, slavi and gong along.

And hail thy lot divine and above in any lumes of T

THE WISH.

With estience the attends thy will,

Which lovers doubtes definer, or strains gottle

GRANT me, kind heavin, a safecretreat, in the From pride, from folly, and deceit:

Far from a world where discord reigns;

Far from each vice my soul disdains.

A mansion neat, convenient, warm;
In view a fruitful neighb'ring farm:
Tall woods to shade my fav'rite seat,
Where elms in close-twin'd friendship meet;
Where crystal streams soft murmuring flow,
Thro' vales where fragrant flow'rets blow.

No gothic pillars, marble dooms, Or carpets wove in Tyrian looms; Indian of Aire I ask but ample, needful store, we over vive b'minte To aid my friends and feed the poor. There let my life unenvy'd pass, Till death shall stop my running glass: Then in the neighb'ring church yard laid, miss or Unenvy'd share the yew-tree's shade we militool yat T

For thefe my foul its griteral chunts would day, ill On a FRIEND's Recovery from a dangerous But face fevere confines by camert licart, was all

Of pain, and prov'd barnadity's great now're; were

Which can no more its thanks, than wors impart; HOU! who must all my grateful thoughts employ, Whose presence gives my grief-worn bosom joy; Whose friendship only can my woes allay, And dart thro' fate's dark gloom a chearing ray: Ah! deign to hear what rapture swells my foul, Where thy late danger bid dispair controul.

But from thy welfare healing ballam flows:

The pain you felt, With double force I knew, I Swift to my heart each dang four fymptom flew; I strain'd ev'ry nerve with fympathetic pall, and the I While fears unceasing throb'd in ev'ry vein bis of there let my life unenv'd pair.

To calm my forrows and repet dispair; and man of the form of the f

Take then this weak attempt to prove how true

The joy I feel, now health returns to you:

Your pains, your forrows, all encrease my woes,

But from thy welfare healing balsam flows:

Anew I live, each languid pow'r revives,

And my long harrass'd heart new strength receive.

Oh! would Urania deign to visit earth, Her facred plume perhaps might reach thy worth; Might tell what bleffings from thy friendship flow, And speak that gratitude to thee I owe. Serene henceforth may all your days still move, And your past anguish be the last you'll prove. Fair Health again is thine, the Goddess guard; With int'rest high, she will thy care reward; She heightens ev'ry joy, she sooths each care, And she alone life's num'rous woes can bear: Shun each allurement that may prove her bane, Nor follow Pleafure through the paths to pain: Since brib'd by worth, the tyrant Death delays, To fnatch those bleffings which thy worth conveys: In pity to mankind protracts thy doom, Nor robs the world of benefits to come:

Long, long be thine, what kindest fate bestows,

On the Death of Sir Robert Long, Bart.

Knight of the Shire for the County of WILTS.

WEEP, all ye Muses, aid my mournful verse;

Teach me the good Acasto's praise to sing:

In strains sublime his gen'rous deeds rehearse,

And reach his virtues on seraphic wing!

In him a universal friend appear'd;

In his fond eye, the tender parent dwelt,

The tear he wip'd, the sighing bosom chear'd,

For human woes his gentle nature felt,

Bounteous like nature, and like heav'n kind!

To him none pleaded mis'ry's cause in vain:

Each social virtue mark'd his noble mind,

And six'd on earth soft pity's friendly reign.

But hark! alas! those bursting sighs proclaim,

The friend of man, the good Acasto sleeps!

Hark! Virtue's sons his slight from earth deplore;

While Misery's offspring round his beir weeps.

Heav'n snatch'd him hence, unwilling to delay

Its promis'd blis, his virtues full reward;

In the bright regions of eternal day!

Complete and pure at the right hand of God.

Monody on the same, inscribed to his Daughter, Miss Emma Long.

He comes, here there has les von Seroph Like

man reas suspend sinh that the trespondenciapan I

THE Moon shone pale, 'twas in her infant birth,

The hour when visions skim the dewy earth;

When church-yards yawn, and marble tombs arise,

And Ghosts glide by unseen by human eye.

When the false glow-worm leads the trav'lling swain In fatal mazes round the desart plain; Loud thro' the gloom was heard fad Emma's cries, it is the Her tender parent mounts the lucid kies!

Harle! Virtue's fons his flight from careb deplore;

Complete and pure at the right hand of God:

Hark, the deep groan! say, why at this dread hour, Comes Terror's King? why here his tyrant pow'r?

Not Virtue bribes his busy scythe to rest,

Or filial torrents melt his harden'd breast.

He comes, 'tis true; but see you Seraph! see
Impatient hover, 'till his dart decree
The soul to quit its cumb'rous mortal frame,

To mount on Seraph's wing to endless same.

Mistaken ye, who mourn sad Emma's loss;

Ah! change the theme, and teach her to rejoice:

Death wears no terrors for the wise and good,

But kindly leads them from life's mazy wood.

Where born to suffer, no true pleasures grow;
Say, happiest mortals, are you free from woe?

Has not your fweets, the cropt in Virtue's road Been deep embitter'd i not the promis'd good?

are beede in flow to produce

Ah! cease then Emma, cease these fruitless tears;
Ah! load not thus thy gentle breast with cares:
He's gone 'tis true, fate sealed the dread decree,
And heav'n receives him but to wait for thee.

To groves of bliss his raptur'd foul retires

Where thou shalt meet, and join the sacred choirs;

With thy blest parent grateful praises sing,

At the high throne of heav'n's eternal king!

Oh! let a fister heart, and humble pen, Recall some comfort to thy breast again; Lament no more, true wisdom joy must find In God's decrees, the parent of mankind.

Eternal blis succeeds a life of peace; Smiles ev'n in death, adorn the just man's face:

in vain all nature blooms, it blooms in vain:

While

While from his tomb immortal fragrance flows, Where Virtue's facred flow'rs eternal blows!

Oh! then take comfort, cease to mourh and weep;

Nor wake his ashes from their tranquil sleep:

Thy grief would interrupt celestial joy,

Could he behold his Emma's sad employ.

Accept the tribute which the muse would pay

To his survivors, and his honour'd clay:

Tho', mortal pow'rs can never justly shew,

ABSENCE.

Oh! let's Effer Heart, and Trimble pen,

dilling

WHERE shall I sty, what words can speak my pain?
In vain all nature blooms, it blooms in vain:
Meandring streams and nodding woods unite,
To greet with beauteous scenes the raptur'd sight;

The voice of joy loud echoes thro' the plain,

While hapless I in fruitless fighs complain:

Here lowing herds in flow'ry pastures feed,

Here nymphs and shepherds tune the oaten reed;

While rosy chaplet crown each faithful swain,

Nor thoughts impure their artless loves profane:

But cease, now Damon's gone, ye flow'rs to spring, Ye warblers cease in sprightly strains to sing; No more ye kids your wanton gambols play, No more fweet matin bird awake the day; Woodpidgeon cease thy faithful mate to woo, Nor longer bear the vine to purple hue; Nor limpid streams foft murmer thro' the mead, Nor fnow-white flocks alternate sport and feed; 10 190911111 Nor on the milkmaids cheek ye roses bloom, Creation wear one universal gloom; Nor let till he returns one charm appear, Nor spring, nor summer teem till he is here. To my fad fighs, ye herds, responsive low, Nor near my restless feet ye slow'rets blow;

Ye friendly cooling zephyrs come not here,

To fport as ye were wont, but quickly bear,

The echo of my anguish and dispair.

Whisper how my fond heart his absence mourns,

Tell him peace slies these shades till he returns;

Then hither haste to my impatient heart,

His ev'ry look, his ev'ry word impart;

Waste not on my sad state one balmy gale,

Unheeded let me tread this lonely vale:

But search for ev'ry sweet the blossoms shed,

Celestial fragrance fan around his head,

And wast him quick and safely to this shade.

EXTEMPORE on being requested to write a BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THE Muse is dumb, nor dares, with feeble lays,
To sing what angel-tongues alone can praise!

On the Death of GENERAL WOLFE, who was killed at the Siege of Quebec.

VERSE, sculpter, genius, all in vain conspire

To paint the hero's worth and martial fire:

Mortals be dumb!----await the judgment day,

When his approving God his toils shall pay.

Had earth contain'd a plume to crown the head,

The godlike youth had not, when victor, bled.

But Britain's son shall meet his rich reward

From heaven! while angels hail with one accord;

Thro' realms above the joyful mandate fly,

While cherubs bear him to his native sky;

Where strains divine each seraph's voice inspire,

And worlds conven'd compleat the heav'nly choir,

His grateful country lead the facred band,

While fill'd with awe the wond'ring nations stand.

DAMON and DELLA on no

On the fair brow of you majestic hill,

Young Damon lives with Delia's presence blest;

Friendship and love their kindred bosoms fill,

Their days one endless scene of joy and rest:

Around them smile their golden fruitful fields,

Where warbling choristers awake the morn;

Each season all its native tribute yields,

And Damon grateful reaps his bending corn.

Tir'd with the labour of the harvest day,

He to his Delia's arms a welcome finds;

She hastes his half-born wishes to obey,

For love reigns mutual in their spotless minds.

For her he toils, for her employs each care,

She seeks his wish'd return with longing eyes;

He slies with transport to the gen'rous fair,

Nor envies Jove the empire of the skies.

THE COTTAGE.

A nurley of fraction goes the cut fine condi-

E great, ye gay, with me the path pursue, Where peace and fafety greet the raptur'd view: Yonder wide pasture cross'd we reach the door, Of fweet content and innocence, tho' poor: A little wicket, without bolt or key, A little dog, the honest faithful Tray, First greet your entrance, and invite you in; What fweet tranquillity! what change is feen. The follies of the world are now no more; The town, its noise, its hurry, all are o'er: All feuds and factions, and impertinence Of bufy fools, and men of little sense, All trifling objects are excluded here, Nor vice with harmless mirth dare interfere; Thrice happy owner of this humble cot, If thou art wife, to know thy blifsful lot!

A nursery of fruitful trees the cot surround, Sweet violets and daifies paint the ground; A vine whose curling tendrils kindly shoot, A lovely arbor forms with pendant fruit: Soft mosfy paths of nature's own delign, Meandring between the verdant spaces join; Crown'd with fresh boughs the straw crown'd hives appear Rich with sweet produce of the flow'ry year. Here clucking hens their downy nests prepare, To spread the homely board with dainty fare; And nature's lovelieft liv'ry is feen, In various hues of vegetable green: Which please the eye and promise to the taste, At once a wholesome and a plentuous feast; Here blooms an eglantine, and there a role, And pinks and lillies balmy fweets disclose. The thorny goofeberry, and current too, Fill up each vacancy, and as you go, That not one spot may unimproved be, The fav'ry thyme, and chearing rolemary;

Secure from northern blasts compleat the scene, Shelter'd by shapen yews in lasting green; And lest some over busy, prying eye, Should rudely dare disturb the privacy, Nature herself has built a living wall, Of hawthorn all around both thick and tall; So closely interwove this verdant screen, The fun himself can scarcely peep between. Within the facred shelter of this grot, Thus stands secure this humble straw-crown'd cot, Where, did not fate forbid, I there would live, Nor envy joys which thrones or courts could give; There, with a modest competency join'd, Give me but one dear friend of either kind, Sincere and tender, full of truth and love, As ferpents wife, and harmless as the dove. Grant me, kind heav'n, but fuch a bleft repose, And fuch dear partners of my joys and woes, I'll never fearch for more felicity. But live delighted, and exulting die.

No craving wish should interrupt my rest,

Nor dire ambition swell my humble breast;

No statt'rers mock, no Judas with a kiss,

No wrangling Fabius should disturb my bliss;

No sears, no cares, no jealousy, or strife,

Should break the pure composure of my life:

But there, as when the billows of the main,

After a storm, are sweetly sull'd again,

There should my soul with eager rapture slee,

From woe, from business, and from envy free:

Incessant tune its songs to God above,

His justice dread and supplicate his love.

My books, my kind and ever constant friends, Whose converse pleases, and the heart amends; With them delighted thro' the woods I'd rove, And sleeting times short hours with care improve, I'd learn industry of my busy bees, And dress my bow'rs and prop my teeming trees. Sometimes the social board my hours should share, To know myself, should end each other care;

That one great task I'd ever keep in mind,
Since all beneath are trisles, shades and wind.

On the 21st of June, the Birth-Day of the Author's Sister.

SWEET verdant month, for ever facred be,
Whose genial rays their influence shed;
With a fair blossom deck'd a goodly tree,
While grateful zephir's, fragrant odours spread.
Flora resolv'd to grace her fav'rite slower,
Gathered the sweets of ev'ry vale and grove;
And risled ev'ry amaranthine bow'r,
To deck this blooming object of her love.

Thrice happy month that not one rival knew,

Till this sweet bud the queen of beauty 'rose;

Which stole gay summer's vary'd wreath from you,

And all the sweets which Ceylon's gales disclose;

No more, proud lilly, boast thy envy'd white,

Nor woodbine wanton in thy sweet persume;

Thy hue, carnation, is no longer bright,

And modest vi'lets lose their purple bloom.

The blushing rose, which mark'd this month its own,

No longer scents the ev'nings grateful breeze,

While chrystal dew-drops weep the absent sun,

And, trembling, glitter on its drooping leaves.

Oh! guard, fair Flora, this thy fav'rite slow'r

Shield it from killing frost and dog-star heat;

Keep it secure within thy vernal bow'r,

Where spring eternal crowns thy native seat.

To LEANDER, who declared he would not marry.

Of person graceful, and of manners mild; So form'd to please and bless, you justly share, The love and friendship of the good and fair: Yet you with firm resolve have often said,

- " Believe me, dearest friend, I ne'er will wed;
- "Too rare, too fleeting are the joys of life,
- "To be endanger'd by domestic strife."

Recall, mistaken youth, this hasty vow,

Without a second-self no joys we know;

Reverberated pleasures chear the breast,

And woes divided leave a space for rest.

Say, you avoid some care and houshold noise,

To shun one ill, you lose ten thousand joys:

Courage, my timid friend, the path pursue,

Which truth and reason opens to your view:

I'll pledge my life, you'll ne'er have cause to 'wail,

That marriage plagues prepond'rate the scale.

And that you may be bleft, chuse not a mate

From the gay circle of the rich and great;

Where vice and folly ev'ry hour employs,

And midnight revels crown their motly joys,

Nor on the pride of birth thy fond wishes place,
'Tis only vice that can thy choice disgrace:

The Peasant and the Peer both owe their birth

To that one universal parent, Earth;

Of high-birth then what can in praise be said,

Since we are all of one same substance made;

Nor on the cheek where rose and lilly vie,

Build thou thy bliss, for ah! they quickly die.

Seek then a maid, whose gen'rous feeling heart,

Of others suff'rings kindly bears a part;

For should ill fortune cloud thy pleasing view,

She then would share each heart-felt pang with you;

And, sharing, soften ev'ry human woe,

While each eas'd heart with mutual comforts glow:

Or should the Dame alternate smiles put on,

A kindred-heart must her best bounty crown;

The gayest scene no longer charms the eye,

If no lov'd friend to share our joy is nigh.

Say, won three forces one had beneficied and

Seek then firm friendship in the furnisht mind,
Where gen'rous pride with aweful virtue join'd,
Where soft humanity, where scorn of art,
Where harmless mirth and purity of heart,
Form and adorn each act, 'tis such alone,
Can guard thy honour and preserve her own:
While virtue guides, affection ne'er will cease,
Her paths all lead to honour, love and peace:
And heav'n, who joins such hearts, will sure approve,
Its own great work, and bless thy constant love.

Dialogue between MINERVA and CUPID, inscribed to Mrs. B. the Author's Sister, on the Anniversary of her Wedding Day.

to cry'd, nor here lie fleeping,

CUPID.

THANKS be to Jove, you'r found at last, I'm out of breath, I've flown so fast;

On Ida's top my mother fits,

And raves, and weeps, and fighs by fits;

She swears by Styx, that you'r brewing

Schemes, to work her empire's ruin;

Else why, without the leave of Jove,

Elope thus slily from above,

But on some unlawful errant,

Since you durst not ask his warrant?

And heav'n, who joing fuch hearts, will lare app

This morn such rage desorm'd her sace,
As scar'd the whole Olympic race;
Rise, she cry'd, nor here lie sleeping,
Behold your geddess' mother weeping;
Unfold your wings, unclose your eyes,
Minerva now my pow'r desies;
Gird your quiver, whet your arrows,
Take for speed my coach and sparrows;
Go, sind her out, what pair she guards,
What e'er Thoul't ask, thy toil rewards,
Rage and sear made her in such haste,
Down I slew nor staid to breakfast;

Tho' Ganymede had spread the board,
And noisy Juno wak'd her lord.

Thus, Dame, you see, what broils you cause,
By daring to oppose our laws;
My mother's vot'ries I can sway,
Well pleas'd my dictates they obey;
For them we quit our blest abode,
On Ida's brow for Oxford road;
*
At Cot'ries unrival'd reign,
Where beauty heals the lover's pain;
Where rosy wreaths the victors crown,
While yours with scorn our pow'r disown.

Prudence, you say, should ever guide Each fair, till she becomes a bride; That virtue, honour, sacred truth, Should ever bind the sighing youth;

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And

Os. I day's brown for the Christian Condition of the Cond

And mutual friendship, join each heart,

In faithful love till death do part.

While laughing Venus she denies,

All other influence but the eyes;

Nor thinks there needs a mental charm,

The youthful lover's breast to warm;

Since aged hearts e'en av rice slies,

And grey threescore for fifteen dies.

Since wisdom's turn'd quite out of doors,
In vain your arts oppose our pow'rs;
Between us both poor mortals, they
Know neither what to do or say:
For me, I'm weary of my life,
If I were Jove, I'd end your strife;
Either contrive your pow'rs to blend,
Or open war must be the end.
'Tis vain for me to aim at hearts,
If while I point, you soil my darts;

Minerva.

MINERVA.

Hence, boy--- and this to Venus, greeting, Say you found me at this happy meeting; Where virtue, honour, facred friendship join, To prove the bright affembly wholly mine; Where fair Sincerity each bosom warms, And the fond wish to please, resistless charms: Here friendship's laws give birth to lasting love, And joys infure, which passion cannot prove: In artless smiles the fair her heart unveils, And, spite of folly, reason's voice prevails; No shame can tinge that cheek where honour glows, Nor guilt that bosom feel, whence virtue flows: Revolving funs here rivet Hymen's chain, Nor mean disguise the tender wish restrain. The faithful lover, and the gen'rous friend, My care shall ever from all woes defend; My pow'rful shield defies her treach'rous art, Which guides the eye, while I direct the heart.

Beauty, sweet bloom, without my aid must die,
On Time's swift wing its meteor charms must sly;
Ere yet the slatt'ring honey-moon is o'er,
Disgust, her reign begins---love smile no more;
With scorn is seen the once angelic sace,
If no bright mental charm supply its place.

Begone, then urchin---fly this hallow'd ground,
Nor be within its facred confines found.
Pure love, not passion, marks my fav'rite place,
When e'en thy proud mamma would meet disgrace;
To her, and haughty Jove---this message bear!
My immortal bosom feels no abject fear:
If from Olympia's seats they hurl me down,
Beneath this dome, I'll fix my lasting throne:
Wealth, love and honour, shall this pair attend,
And virtue's shield from mortal ills defend:
Their days shall pass in happiness and peace,
While conscious virtue all their joys increase;
And Jove, with envy, shall their bliss survey,
When I exalt them to the realms of day.

IN NOCENCE.

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INNOCENCE

OH! innocence, thou balm of ev'ry woe,

Thou pow'rful shield against missortune's dart;

Thou source of ev'ry comfort here below,

Thou friendly inmate of the sighing heart.

The vicious tremble when, before thy fight,

The good behold thee, as a type of heav'n!

Around thee beams a ray of facred light,

And pow'r supream to thee on earth is giv'n.

But if thou fliest, then guilt and shame succeed;
'Tis not in fortune to supply thy place,
Fair friendship flies as from a broken reed,
And keen contempt awaits the conscious face.

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leions himile when, before they

Where then a refuge from that fiend, Dispair,

If God withholds his mercy and his grace?

Thro' guilt's dark glooms, behold a Saviour there,

Then prostrate fall, and humbly seek his face.

For God has promis'd thro' his only Son,

That true repentance shall ascend on high,

For contrite hearts his facred blood attone,

If in his name their supplications sly.

On a fashionable Circle, who were employed in a very trifling manner.

What little cares do little minds pursue,
Gay fairy atoms catch their childish view,
Pleas'd with a shadow, tickl'd with a feather,
Their most instructive subject is the weather.
Loud laugh, low gibe and puppies antic play,
Fill up the labour of each rolling day,

Such live unmark'd in life's more noble page,

And die the scorn of a more useful age.

On being asked to attempt SATIRE in VERSE.

CYNIC, no more invoke my Muse's aid,

A nobler theme inspires the gen'rous maid:

If satire glow'd but in bright virtue's cause,

To aid, or vindicate, her golden laws,

Then it would well deserve the Muse's pow'r,

She'd love, and war and beauty sing no more.

But does not envy oft the arrow wing,

And disappointed pride supply the sting?

No sordid passion, or no private end,

Make hireling's censure where they should commend;

See we a fault in those the heart holds dear,

Or satirize the sool whose wealth we share?

Ah, no! 'tis burning envy lurks beneath, And twines for Cynic brows the fnaky wreath: From Helicon's clear streams no poisons flow, Pure they descend, nor tainted till below. Urania's voice the gentle passions sings, Her strains divine on joyful zephirs wings Descend; she greets the gen'rous feeling heart, But flies indignant from thy venom'd dart. E'en Pope, that draughtsman of the human soul, Who knew the scale and bearings of the whole, But for a moment charms; no joy imparts, We smile, 'tis true, but smile not from our hearts; Nature has planted in the human breaft, That love of kind which cannot be supprest. So with arch leer awhile the comic Muse Excites the laugh, and nobler thoughts subdues; The party-colour'd fool a moment reigns, We quit the scene, no pleasing trace remains.

But Virtue, painted by the poets hands,

Expands the foul, its noblest pow'rs commands;

Our bosoms glow with emulating fire,

Panting to reach that virtue we admire:

And if the mirror human woes display,

Willing we yield to god-like pity's sway.

But satire irritates the vicious mind,

Fixing its apathy for human kind.

Rather invelope vice in endless night,

Than bare her baleful pow'rs to mortal sight;

With candor study self, nor meanly wound,

Another's same, 'till thou art blameless found:

Satire, avaunt back to thy native hell,

And with thy sellow-siends, self-punisht, dwell.

On DEATH.

THE monarch, statesman, hero, and the slave,

Alike pay nature's tribute to the grave:

The tyrant's pow'r no exception makes,

The bands of wealth and mis'ry alike he breaks;

The glitt'ring gems which grace the prince's brow,

In vain resplendent shine, nor bribe the soe.

Commission'd from above, his arrows fly,

With aim most sure, nor can strong nature's cry,

The mandate dire revoke: Alas! in vain

The parent weeps, surviving friends complain,

Gazing round the pale breathless corse they stand,

And sigh, and tremble at their God's command;

While, from their fault'ring tongues its merits flow,

For blessings fled more valuable grow.

While grief's strong tide for rising griefs make way,

And gives to pale Despair an easy prey.

Behold, oh man! this pageant of an hour,
This proud, vain mortal has refign'd his pow'r:
Smooth is that brow which taught mankind to fear,
Silent that voice that claim'd Attention's ear;

The smile, that used the kindred heart to warm,

Has lost its pow'r, and ceases now to charm:

The haughty accent of imagin'd worth,

And abject pride of an exalted birth,

No more with awe the vulgar croud impress,

But humbly now their parent earth confess.

No longer Beauty proudly rears her head,

On her bright eyes the crawling worm is fed;

To every living sense obnoxious grown,

The once fair form from human sight is thrown,

Like putrid weeds from the offended eye,

Oh, humbling thought! consign'd with worms to lye.

But that unerring pow'r who rules on high,

For sin pronounced offending man should die:

And gave for punishment supreme below,

Th' afflictive parting pangs of death to know,

When nature in each mangled fibre feels,

And awful death our richest blessing steals;

Arie beriese on its chips berterick A

But yet (tis given to mitigate the smart,)

And blunt the edge of his sharp wounding dart,

When thro' the friend he wounds the seeling heart.

Let true humanity our actions guide,

And facred justice our our thoughts preside;

For all those aids our seeble natures claim,

Our sellow-mortals all demand the same;

As those machines by human wisdom plann'd,

Without assisting parts must pow'rless stand;

So man dependant is, by God's decrees,

Link'd in one chain, He all his creatures sees.

But if Contention, Pride and Envy join'd,

Usurp the empire of the human mind;

If Reason yields to Passion's hand the sway,

What can the pangs of self-reproach allay?

Then seels the soul each cruel pang it gave,

Severely punish'd from the silent grave;

1111

And vain Repentance rifes to despair.

Cease then, oh man! all cruel impious strife,

And reap the harvest of a well-spent life;

No past offence, no black remorse shall dare

Approach thy soul, and sink thee in despair;

No ill-tim'd passion, no unkind debate,

Shall it past crimes repay with added weight;

The lenient hand of time shall calm each grief,

And past benevolence secure relief;

For moral virtue will life's ills beguile,

And make ev'n Death's approach with comfort smile.

A PORTRAIT.

TUNE high your harps, ye tuneful Nine!

To found Philemon's praise;

Fair Sisters, all your pow'rs join,

To aid my seeble lays.

enter a reference and contact of

His Eyes, the index of the mind,

Express his feeling heart;

Good sense, fair truth, and honour join'd,

Each word, each act impart.

That faultless form by him posses d,

No haughty airs debase,

The wish of ev'ry heart confest,

Such pow'r has native grace.

Ye fair, take heed, nor fondly gaze,
One look enflaves your hearts;
His mind fuch magic charms displays,
Such bliss his worth imparts.

MUSIC.

SERAPHIC harmony our fouls inflame,
With strains divine! to hail our Maker's name:

Our bosoms glow with facred pure defire,

To imitate the hymns of heav'n's full choir.

While louder chords the hero's bosom warms;

He danger dares, and pants for wars alarms:

The gen'rous steed, with new-born vigour, slies,

He paws the ground, the battles heat defies.

Her dulcet sounds bids tender wishes rise;

The lover reads them in his fair one's eyes:

Thus harmony divine! bids discord cease,

And tunes the russled soul to smiling peace.

The QUESTION.

WHILE you, possess of ev'ry charm,

To win the heart appear;

How can I 'gainst such merit arm,

Such conq'ring pow'rs you bear?

Fear not to trust thy heart, for I

Will keep it safe from care,

It's will to execute I'll fly,

And all its forrows share.

then blanch this this term is were much in a l.

If e'er it seems inclin'd to stray,

Or seek another home,

With humble sighs I'll court its stay,

Nor shall it vagrant roam.

Thus, Florio, would I use that heart,
So highly priz'd by me,

But, say dear youth, how you would treat,

That heart which beats for thee?

Perhaps e'er Cynthia's course was run,

Fond soolish maid, adieu,

My task is o'er now thou art won,

I am not bound to you:

Return my wand'ring heart, which I

Have to gay Cloe giv'n,

Retire, weak maid, to some dark cell,

And try to merit heav'n.

it s will to execuse I'll Av

TO ALTAMONT, on his Birth-Day.

HAIL to the morn which fill'd the parent breast
With joy compleat, and gave thee to the light;
In all the charms of infant beauty drest,
To fill a noble lineage with delight.
In guiltless joys thy spring of life was past,
Nor clouds of ill o'er-cast thy playful eye;
Joys pure as those, may riper reason taste,
And all your days on wings of pleasure sty.

By Virtue rul'd, may'st thou be ever blest
With ev'ry joy indulgent heav'n can give;

May ev'ry forrow fly from thy lov'd breast,

Nor leave one pang that friendship can't relieve.

If to fundicathe widow's rifing figh, 2 11

To point out Vice where e'er she speeds her way, Virtue a task to all her son's has giv'n:

But pow'rs immortal should the Muse display,
Who means to paint the noblest work of heav'n.

HO.

Soar high, ye Nine, pierce yonder lucid sphere!

And from his native skies your numbers bring;

Tune all your golden harps with sacred care,

And teach my grateful Muse his worth to sing.

To fill a mobile lineage with delighter

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With care to nourish Honour's sacred slame;

If with some friendly deed to mark each day,

If to be great, you claim immortal same!

If to suppress the widow's rising sigh,

And with thy Orphan friend to drop a tear;

If acts like these, to heav'ns tribunal sly,

To God and man thou wilt be ever dear.

Thy gen'rous bosom seels another's woes,

And pity reigns majestic on thy cheek;

And when thy soul with soft compassion glows,

Thine eyes expressive of its dictates speak.

Call not this flatt'ry, the earth-born dame

Dares not the paths of love and friendship tread;

From heav'n the sacred, Sister-blessings came,

At whose approach each fordid inmate fled.

While round thy brow unnumbered graces move, Each look, each act, thy faultless mind displays;

Thy life's whole tenor all thy virtue's prove, And call forth wonder, love, esteem, and praise.

Then let my raptur'd foul confess thy pow'r,

And paint the force of all thy matchless worth;

Thy mental charms has made my foul adore, And gave my gratitude and friendship birth.

Guard then thy facred charge with watchful care, And give thy foul untainted to its heav'n:

Ah! let not vice, by treach'rous arts impair,

Those blessings which thy smiling fate has giv'n.

May chaste desires your youthful bosom warm, Nor lawless wishes warp your guiltless soul;

May Virtue, with her train of beauties charm, And each successive year on blessings roll. Call not this flatt rv. the carth born dame

Unbid by Av'rice, may fome gentle heart,

Pour all its love and duty on thy breast,

Where you delighted may each joy impart,

Or thy full bosom sigh itself to rest.

And on thy cheek the role its bloom renew;

May Friendship's ray still sparkle in thine eye,

And heav'n's unceasing care be fixt on you.

Father of all! eternal pow'r supreme!

My prayer for this, thy noblest work receive,

Around his brow let all thy mercies beam,

And each new sun some new-born blessing give.

To heav'n's high orb his deeds ye angels wing;

Where peace eternal reigns, his seat prepare:

Where he may grateful hallelujah's sing,

Nor mortal pains or fears his blis impair.

May Virue, with her train of beauties charm.

The Invocation, to the same.

Y E sacred pow'rs, from whom all blessings flow, On my lov'd friend each human bliss bestow! Sorrow and pain far from his bosom fly, Nor let him know but by its name, a figh: Virtue watch o'er him, never quit his fide, But thro' life's dang'rous wilds be thou his guide... Honour, do thou his ev'ry thought inspire, And gentle Pity crown its facred fire. Calm be his sleep and free from dreams of ill, While pleasing visions each idea fill: Watch ever round his couch, ye heav'nly band, And guard his flumbers from each hostile hand. And when the lark tunes first his matin lays, Awake his foul to found his maker's praise, Oh, fill his breast with energy divine! While to admire, revere and praise be mine. And belk as lambkins on the lawins

On WIT and WISDOM.

A S the fair rose exceeds its prickly shell,
So Wisdom's flow'rs the briars of Wit excel.

Learn then betimes her sacred laws to prize,
And rightly judge of witty men and wise.

On SYLVIA'S LAP-DOG.

Vertice we using o'en industrial parter quie his fishe and

To fing fair Sylvia's fav'rite's praise,

Is more than even Dryden's bayes;

Or Congreve's nectar-dropping quill,

In flowing numbers could distill.

Faddle, pretty, charming creature,

Purest piece that ever nature

Form'd to please a lady's eye,

Favour'd, tho' her Strephon's by.

Lovely he is, and smooth as fawns,

And brisk as lambkins on the lawns;

Tiple desired the green thought with the figures is also IIA

As pure and chaste as turtle dove,

True to his Chloe and to love.

In ev'ry limb and joint of his,

There's not a shade, or stroke amiss;

Short silken hair, of silver white,

And teeth that only foes will bite.

Eyes black and smooth as polisht jet;

And bright as gems in ophir set.

Short back, and seet that little are,

And graceful tail tipt with a star.

His lady's virgin lap by day,

He makes his foft recess from play;

At night, when soft sleep invites to rest,

Her Strephon is not half so blest:

By her soft couch he lays him down,

Nor sears her coy reproving frown.

AWAYE BESTER POLICE TO BE DESIGNATED

As pure and chastic as turtle dove, True to his A hise Q d to Anne A M A

in every limit addition to his A MANDA was by all effective, wheth a tone orad? While fickle fortune kindly beam'd: 10 mind novill month A ray of ev'ry native grace, d line was whee tall dies but Smil'd sweetly in her chearful face count bus double say? By which her heav'n-born foul within, many as addired bal. As thro' a chrystal orb was seen and took but should be a chrystal orb was seen and took All hail'd the good Amanda's name, squi list lulescare back All help'd to raise her spotless fame: The hopeful youths of gentle race, And courtly maids to her gave place: He makes his folt re The latter shew'd no proud disdain, Her honour was so free from stain; Strephon is not hall The former fought by ev'ry art, To be the fav'rites of her heart. While she in ev'ry virtue shone, And plac'd her bliss in God alone.

AUVAMA

The pen she rul'd with learned skill,

The pencil too obey'd her will; as senoul service and

Songs of her own seraphic fire, piv to boad a vilo 10

She fweetly chaunted to her lyre: I find bus said 10

Her lyre fo foftly touch'd, and proud wont and A

Of fuch sweet numbers, told aloud of red or vill los

The fair one's pow'rs, and charm'd the croud.

The pen, the pencil, distaff, all; mort bestillson meW

Music and Muses softer call, being at out outril tud

Proclaim'd her skill'd in ev'ry art, ne kneed lliw wet to I

To mend or charm the coldest heart.

The learn'd page was her delight,

O'er that she past the filent night,

When thought collected, free from noise,

From wisdom gathers lasting joys:

Her fragrant flow'rs where e'er the found,

Tho' blooming in a heathen ground,

She eager crop'd, and kiss'd and press'd,

And wore them ever in her breast.

And past her hours

Deep hidden far fre

Her taste was pure, her honour such, in all man it She shrunk from e'en the slightest touch at lioned and I Of Folly's hand, or vicious Mirth, is now and to appeal Of vice, and hell, the monft rous birth. In the wind and A gen'rous thought, for all the felt, tylicolo my mell Soft Pity in her bosom dwelt; and run man't doub it Nor one afflicted, fick or poor, and way and has all Went unaffisted from her door. he diang ada, and ad I But Virtue tho' 'tis prais'd by all, the build be an old the Yet few will hearken to her call. All the rand be missions?

To mend or charge the coldeft interest being add

O er that the nel

to recently observed by the

M.

Amanda fled from crouds and noise, And past her hours in guiltless joys; Toys that from virtuous actions rife, adam anchire mast Deep hidden far from vulgar eyes: Joys of a pure angelic kind, Which Faith and Virtue ever find. But ah! the dark unhappy fate, That on the best of mortals wait!

God tries his chosen here below, Then leads them where true pleasures flow. The scene was chang'd, misfortune came, Amanda was no more the same; The tide was turn'd, and now no more Pride, Malice, Envy that before, and or about which Disarm'd, durst not approach her door; But couchant lay, nor dar'd appear, Aw'd by the virtue of the fair; to monghol hagir moot of Now break their former chains with ease, And on the hapless victim seize: share not had about out not For the base world misled by show, And judging still as rumours go, not took and and all No diff rence makes 'twixt right or wrong, But as a flood runs swift along; And undistinguish'd carries all Before it, in its rapid fall. So Fame unjust, with greedy ears, Flies swift abroad with what it hears.

14.346

Thus was Amanda's spotless name, and molodo aid soin boo In atoms torn, by treach'rous Fame adw and the land None honor had enough to make, b'anado saw onoil oul' A cautious judgment for her lake to crom on any sharmA But as they faw, they judg'd like those must saw obit out Whose sickly fancies oft transpose, d as b monoil a sharmA. A pigmy shade to giant fize oled and yould solled abing When midnight gloom pervades the fkies a hab bemalia Had the rash world a moment staid, non and institute and To form right judgment of the maid; Their gall to pity would have turn'than of night hand wolf Nor the meek fuff'rer rudely spurn'd iv abland and no bala But Justice slept, so God ordain'd, To him alone her soul complain'd; For strength she pray'd, while all around Sought deeper still to make the wound: And fell Detraction, the' she knew Each scandal false, her honour true, Supreme in kindred bosoms reign'd, Whose harden'd hearts, her plea disdain'd.

2574

But fay if on this earth there be, That one from fell detraction free? Amanda's now no longer fair, agual basilged you one No longer Friendship's sacred care! Want's chilling blast has nipp'd her bloom, And grief has fixt a penfive gloom. Sighs check'd in vain, her bosom rends, And scalding tears her cheeks descends. So have I feen a lovely rose, Fairest of all the kind that blows; Which once had reign'd the short liv'd queen, Of flow'ry tribes, and subjects green; All rudely from its stem, in haste, Torn off by some rude northern blast. All wither'd, hanging down its head, Its odour lost, its beauty fled. But ah! dear Maid, no more repine, Fear not, tho' earth and hell combine; Since a just God, who reigns on high, Sees not with man's weak erring eye:

He views thy spotless soul, and knows, Thy outward wrongs, and inward woes: And tho' thy shepherd sleeps awhile, Yet God again will on thee smile. His wand'ring sheep, again he'll lead To pastures fair, where thou shalt feed; Where fountains of eternal rest, Those living waters of the bleft, Shall wash rememb'rance from thy breast, which is well as And lull thee to eternal rest. Tho' fuff'ring here, yet fear no ill, the bard some Island For God's thy guide and shepherd still: Then shalt thou see thyself, now base, Reflected back a cherub's face; And there for all thy fad alloy, Thy foul shall drink full draughts of joy: Joys that shalt make thee fresh as spring, All over spirit, life and wing. Part tion, the carry and to H Be sad no more, see yonder cloud, Which just now wept, in fable shroud;

IT

In blue and crimson richly drest,

So shall thy soul with light be blest.

Turn then, oh! turn, behold the light!

So God shall one day make thee bright:

Mistaken soes, who judge thee now,

Shall own their crimes, adore! and bow.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

The Hearts were to be a sound to have the tree to be

high are to be see the missing programmes for in income

Would's thou my trembling soul aspire,
To that all glorious heav'nly choir!
Where Cherubims unnumber'd croud,
To sing their Maker's praise aloud;
Where all the griefs that now alloy,
Are lost in streams of endless joy.
Set not thyself on things below,
As thoughtless man is wont to do;
Rouse all thy faculties, and strive
To climb th' immortal hill, and live

To reach that feat of bliss on high, Beyond the regions of the fky; Which none can enter but the brave, loo and mult Who force their passage thro' the grave. All things that do their kind excel, Within the vale of hardships dwell; None ever was, or good or great, Who fat in Pleasures iv'ry seat: In vain we think by floth to rife, In vain to mount the starry skies. Oh then, my foul, contented quit, TE'CAUO The Mammon of this earthly pit; around he had of Oh leave the world, or quit the skies, Or never hope to gain the prize. Where all the greets tract

To Mrs. S. on her being presented with an elegant Watch, by her Husband, on her Birth-Day, 20 Years after Marriage.

SAY, happiest of thy sex, by what blest art, Thou still art mistress of Alonzo's heart?

What magic charm has lent its pow'rful aid,
Still to preserve his fondness undecay'd?
For these degen'rate days does seldom shew,
A heart so tender, or a heart so true.

This splendid Toy a Bridegroom's gift appears,
Tho' Hymen waves his torch o'er twenty years;
Sigh not to see the minutess glide away,
Not so his love, that never can decay:
Too tight the bands which Love and Prudence make,
Too firm they're wove for even Time to break.
Mark what gay smiles Alonzo's face adorn,
Grateful he hails his Anna's natal Morn!
Sure tis a prelude to the joys of heav'n,
When Union is to kindred bosoms giv'n.

Teach then, bleft Anna, ev'ry heedless fair,
To make her wedded Lot with thine compare;
For from thy voice they may believe how vain
Is Beauty's pow'r a Lover to retain:

With

Nor on those charms that fade, their empire raise,

For with each circling Sun some charm decays;

Nor yet in sull meridian trust their art,

Which strike the Fancy, not engage the Heart;

Passion then Beauty's pow'r no longer reigns,

But Virtue binds the heart in lasting chains;

Youth from the eye of Passion steals away,

And life appears a dreary winter's day;

Celia's amaz'd that Damon is less kind,

And Damon seeks in vain a charm to find.

Mistaken pair! too late appears the cheat,
Your hearts to Reason's dictates never beat;
Else had your days in bliss extatic past,
And each new Sun rose brighter than the last:
Unmov'd on her sirm base soft Love had stood,
And brav'd all pow'rful Time's most rapid stood.
Thus, Anna, by thy great example sir'd,
Each heedless female heart may be inspir'd,

Mark what gay imiles Alongo's vace adorn

With never-failing efforts to array,

Their minds in charms that but with life decay:

Each take thy bright example for her guide,

And to be good, her aim and only pride.

No more the matriage tie be made a jest,

Nor Vice and Folly stand with Pride confest.

Tript gaily o'exide green's and alarmidive and

Young Lucy of the Mill fat by,

For you be turns your fragrens, hav,

Down life's rough hill, may you in safety glide,
With Love, Content, and Plenty by your side;
Long may indulgent heav'n Alonzo spare,
And shield your bosom from a widow's care:
May Health, sair goddess, reign beneath your dome,
And every social joy there six its home.
May Friendship ev'ry other bliss compleat,
And in your sate each solid blessing meet;
With ev'ry minute may your joys encrease,
And as each second slies, one sorrow cease.

de treund to, the galacter and about the share of

With never-failing efforts to array,

And to be good, her aim and only pride,

And as each Hacad thies basisorow confe-

The ADVICE: A SONG.

YOUNG Strephon, blith and handsome swain,

The pride and envy of the plain, all you bus soil roll

Tript gaily o'er the green;

Young Lucy of the Mill fat by,

She view'd him with attentive eye,

With Love, Content, and mien. Jones of brief bnA

But, heedless Maid, in time, ah! fly,

Nor let this wanton shepherd try,

Your fickle heart to gain:

Young Damon's truth you long have prov'd,

With fondness you'r by him belov'd,

Then don't encrease his pain.

For you he turns your fragrant hay,.
He folds your flock at close of day,

And guards your Cot by night:

Check timely then this kindling fire,

Let no vain hope your breast inspire,

Nor faithful Damon slight.

The Nightingale who plaintive sings,

For thee his snares beguile:

With cold disdain, and froward brow,

You spurn his gifts, nor thanks bestow,

Nor even deign to smile.

Be then advis'd, next Lammas day,

To Church, and with the Parson say,

I take thee Damon true;

The grateful swain with joy will cry,

At length the magic knot we tye,

Which makes one heart of two.

With jocund joy the bells shall ring,

The gay deck'd bridal Lasses sing,

While Cupids flutter round: work about he A

No Maid fo bleft as Lucy fair, is and not dear about

Nor Swain fo true as Damon dear, work and nine on to I

The conq'ring Loves resound.

On receiving a NoseGAY from a FRIEND.

LOVELY assemb'lage! how blooming, fair and sweet!

In thee my Phaon's num'rous graces meet;

Thy lively colours chear my pensive eye,

Such brightness beams when my lov'd friend is by.

Thy sweet persume each sense revives and charms;

So Phaon's voice my grief-chill'd bosom warms.

But whither wanders my enraptur'd eye?

Ah, sweets! ye all must fade, ye all must die:

Too striking emblem of frail Beauty's pow'r,

Which buds and blooms, the pageant of an hour.

That you must fade, each pang renews again;

Despair and terror trembles in each vein,

olidW .

suit nomicle orders let

Least Phaon's friendship should like you decay: But hence! be gone, ye racking fears away; See, darting thro' the gloom, a chearing ray. The hallow'd Myrtle midst these flow'rs I view, Emblem of faithful Love, and Friendship true: Blest be the hand which crop'd the sacred balm, Its pow'r each fear, each doubting pang can calm. Plac'd near my heart, which owns foft Friendship's pow'r, Fair tribe, ye shall reside, and I adore, Your heads shall never droop, your bloom ne'er die, Renew'd alternate by a tear and figh; That dew of Friendship, and that breath of Love, Shall add new lustre, and each grace improve; Each hour fresh blossoms deck a brighter green, And still a blooming Nosegay shall be seen.

To Phaon, on New Year's-Day.

AWAKE to joy, my much-lov'd Friend,
'Tis Friendship hails the year;
May heav'n from ev'ry ill defend,
And you deserve its care.

Evablem of faithful Love, and Friendship crub

Tour beaut made the research researched

And fill a blooming Molegay Iball be feen

May this new Sun fresh pleasures bring,

And health and peace attend;

Thy life be one eternal spring,

Each one you know, a Friend.

May you with Competence be bleft,

And Honor be your guide;

May Friendship ever warm your breaft,

And facred Truth preside.

Think not the abundance you posses,

Is given alone to you;

Relieve the Virtuous in distress,

Nor let them vainly sue.

Nor think that earthly pomp and state,

Can purchase bliss in heav'n;

They cannot bribe that Judge so great,

Whose Blood for Man was giv'n.

valv

And Sleep's fost god involved, refus & to calm and seef

The present hour alone is thine, in it is an an introduction

The future flies thy view; he said his to the ban A

The beggar, though he has no thrine,

Is yet at great as your vandely van soon to ver old

May you deserve each joy sincere, warmen and day and

The ills of life, and har sand be thing and be dill of T

And not one mean or fordid care; sittle of word out

Thy feating foul confine, night tonnil wants of T

The COMPLAINT, to ALMIRA.

While pleying Maiure penfive hung her head, was and

ALL gracious heav'n, what words can paint my woes, While Grief's strong tide, in waves impetuous flows? Oh! may soft Pity in thy bosom dwell, While I, if grief permits, my sorrows tell. Our souls by Friendship's bands were early tied, My adverse sate, thy Friendship's force has tried. E'er time could teach me knowledge of mankind, Or learning sortify the tender mind;

Misfortune came, in fable horrordeeft auod malarq an I' And fixt her empire in my artless breakter to ad I' In divers forms the dreadful Maid appear'd, and on I No ray of hope my gloomy prospect clear dig 19 y all And Sleep's foft god invok'd, refus'd to calm. My lab'ring forrows with his healing balm lab woy yeld The ills of life, and humani weakine spiduched yall We know too little, 'till we know too much; too bak The angry Planets their black influence shed, will While pitying Nature pensive hung her head, And pitying, wept upon the chearless night, Which brought me forth to mis ry and light. But who can counteract stern Fate's decree? gracious heav'n, what words can paint my woes, In vain we struggle with our destiny tide, in waves imperious flows! Against ill Fortune, all our foresight fails, 'Gainst heav'n's supreme decrees it nought avails. While I, at grief permits, my forrows tell.

But art is vain, and language too confin'd;
To paint the conflicts of my tortur'd mind;

Our fouls by Priced thinks brands were early tied,

. Or learning fortify the tender mind :

enutralkild:

And med cines healing pow'r estays in vain, To cure those pangs which flow from mental pain: There's that within, which baffles all its art, ain the A A wounded Spirit, and a broken Heart. Heart and word Hade How long will cruel fate relentless hear, of by audit The heart-born figh, and mock the flowing tear? Must anguish ever wear the trembling nerves, a region A Say what fad crime fuch dreadful pangs deserves? My adverse fate from its exhaustless store, vin mon and Has drawn one tharp, one poison'd arrow more; To you its fatal message l'impart, o di shir aworroi sing While heav'n beholds its rankle in my heart. VI've but A Barb'd with the pangs of disappointed love, I feel each pain the human soul can prove;

You, oh! Almira, know the charming youth,
Whose words, whose eyes, express'd eternal truth,
And witness of his merit, you approv'd
My boundless passion, and my constant love:

While Fortune waits, and finites on him alone;

But ah! my friend, he has been taught to know, and he has been taught to know, and he has blis alone from wealth and honors flow; he has his vows your humbler friend receive, and alone Shall he with-held what his kind fate can give how he has his tender claim refign'd, good wolf. Nor few the pangs it coft his gen'rous mind through and he has his tender claim refign'd, good wolf. A richer Maid his broken vows receives, a shirt and he will while in keen anguish thy Amanda lives; had the will have a from my gazing eyes, alas! he gone, alone will he pale forrows rife in ev'ry path I tread, he was a ward sall. And ev'ry ray of future comfort's fledded a veed slid!

You bid me cherish hope, and there is none,
While Fortune waits, and smiles on him alone;
Resection serves but to augment my pain,
Since it pronounces each fond wish is vain.

But absence, time, or woe, can ne'er allay,
A stame encreasing with each new-born day;

But

Tis only death can interrupt its course, and possessed Or rob my passion of its native force: But now Despair augments those pangs that flow, From black corroding Care, and fest ring Woe; For mine are griefs the heart must fink beneath, Since doubt is frenzy, and conviction death. Let Stoics write, and reason as they will, and the Frail human Nature, will be human Nature still: May my fad Fate, and dear bought Knowledge tell, How great a Curse it is to love too well. Why, oh! ye pow're, was I not born to know, That blifs which from congenial bosoms flow? Bleft | bleft my days had been, had a kind fate But made me wealthy, as it made him great; The foft wing'd hours had stole unheeded by, And mutual blifs repell'd each rifing figh.

If mutual Love on earth was giv'n,

Ev'n holy priests would seek no other heav'n;

Come, their allows than thy this introduced

But let not Plate a limiter and between;

But peace, impatient heart, nor dare to be; An impious murm'rer 'gainst heav'n's decree: Had Florio but with equal ardor lov'd, My raptur'd foul might have regardless prov'd; de mora Immers'd in temp'ral joys, and vainly great Had disbeliev'd this was a mortal state. It is bound some But sharp affliction has convinc'd me now, w 201018 to I No folid blifs is to be found below; Our morn's may fmile, our noon's refulgent beam, But set in darkness, and prove life a dream. says woll. Such then are mine, devoted to Despair, and W Outcast from bliss, a prey to ceaseless Care. Haste, rescue from herself, thy wretched friend, Whose days rise chearless, and more chearless end. No foothing voice, to footh my throbbing breaft, No friend to lull my beating heart to reft. Come, Refignation, from thy bright sphere, And make my proftrate soul its God revere; Oh! haste kind Death, and close the horrid scene, But let not Florio's image rush between;

Least my fond soul should struggle with thy pow'r,
And for one look, implore another hour.

Kind heav'n forgive my guilt, if guilt it be,
That Florio shares my parting soul with thee;

For none but Florio could my passage stay,

From the pure pleasures of eternal day;

But since Fate will not my fond wishes crown,

Life has no charms, and I am all thy own.

All gracious heav'n accept my fervent pray'r,

Make the dear youth thy own peculiar care;

So shall his days in peace and honor wear:

And make the happy Maid, who e'er she be,

Adore, revere, and fondly love like me;

As thou made human nature frail, look down,

With god-like Virtue all his actions crown,

Grant him due sense of all thy mercies shewn,

So shall he thy all-bounteous goodness own:

Let no unworthy thought his soul debase,

Nor let him dread to meet thy awful face;

Eut

When thou command's, may be enraptur'd soar,

To thy right hand, and pleasures evermore;

Yet Florio grant the tribute of a tear,

When death resigns me to the friendly bier:

May ev'ry blis Almira's Lot attend,

A happy contrast to her wretched friend;

While I submit with resignation pure,

And patient all heav'n's chast'ning strokes endure.

To Miss ----, on Reading an Account of her Missortunes.

All gracious heavin accept my fervent pray to

I F woes are thine, such as thy pen relate,

Unhappy Maid! severe is indeed thy fate:

Oh! how could smiling Insancy excite,

Aught in a Father's breast, but fond delight;

Thy helpless age cou'd not oppose his will,

Nor with dire purposes his bosom fill;

But when strong Nature fail'd to plead thy Cause,

Vain were the menaces of human laws.

But heav'n, for ends man was not made to fee, Permits on earth, enormous crimes to be; Sparks from a nit rous flame, not furer fly, significant Than man is born to suffer, e'er he die: To try our Virtue, anguish here is givin, And guiltless sighs are incense sweet to heavin. and W Beats there a Heart which melts not at thy woes? Moves there a Tongue from whence not comfort flows? Surely no one can view thy pond rous grief, And not unbidden, fly to give relief; has allus I nor I Such as thy fate admits, and you demand, gnorth and T From ev'ry feeling heart, and lib'ral hand; For fure 'tis pain supreme for thee to know, The hand from whence thy num'rous forrows flow, Is that which should thy infant form have rear'd, Fashion'd thy mind, as Reason had appear'd; Careful have led thee thro' Youth's dang'rous maze, And from dependence have secur'd thy days: Not trusted to a fordid world thy fate, For which I blush, while I review thy state.

neaW

But hadft thou hid these crimes from public view,

Full half their guilt had then recoil'd on you:

To mantle Vice, is to befriend her cause,

And aid her pow'rs to break fair Virtue's laws.

In other's portraits oft ourselves appear,

When moral precepts all too seeble are?

To wake the heart, slumb'ring in self-conceit,

Where Pride and Folly strengthen still the cheat.

But men, to men are mirrors where they view,

Their Faults and Follies in a light so true;

The strong resemblance ever strikes the mind.

With truths, to which self-love before was blind.

Ye blooming Maids and gentle Youths, who are Blest with a fond indulgent Parent's care; Guard well the precious gift kind heav'n bestows, Cherish the source whence all thy safety flows; With Duty, Love, and Tenderness repay, As ye would merit at that aweful day;

For fine 'vis pain supreme for thee to know, in

When heav'ns just sentence of eternal pain, all six albit Shall those await, who Duty's laws profane. 21 3000 1A And ye stern Fathers blame not W---'s bold pen, She paints no Parent, but the work of men; Nor fear your blooming Offspring should behold, Those scenes of guilt, her wants alone unfold: Your duty paid, the Contrast their's will bind, And fill with facred awe, the fillial mind. Crimes fuch as this fad Orphan's pen employ, Alone can Children's reverence destroy; Or cancel acts of Love, which want a name, Or end that gratitude, fond Parents claim. For you, ye Critic herd, with jaundic'd eye, Hence! far from these moving harmless pages fly; Vent not your spleen where Mis'ry's voice alone, In humble, artless accents makes her moan; Hurl your harsh censures on the pois nous pen, Which not correct, but daily vitiate men; Which Vice in each enchanting form has dreft, That can corrupt and tempt Youth's pliant breast;

111

At once its Country's curse, and its disgrace:

Be such the objects of thy honest frown,

Nor let such soes to Virtue sill the town.

May pitying heav'n the suff'rers wrongs repair,

Unite, ye Good, and snatch her from despair;

And let her meet from you, a Parent's care.

To Miss MARIA S. on her BIRTH-DAY.

Angelow of the angelow of the said

betim tolle 181 out, berne, drive bet berk

THE ruddy morn bids joys arise,

To hail thy natal day;

May each fond wish ascend the skies,

Which guides my heart-felt lay.

May ev'ry good and joy attend,

And blooming health be thine;

Warm as the wishes of thy friend,

On thee may Fortune shine.

In this frail state may you remain

From ev'ry sorrow free;

And may the smiling Fates ordain,

Eternal blis for thee.

The Wish.

Where there is to Virtue joint.

Let Av'rice nature's works dispoil,

And dare the raging waves.

Say can Wealth bid Contentment live

In craving Souls below?

Can Pow'r a peaceful Conscience give,

Or bid bright Virtue glow?

From cradles we admire what's gay,

And catch at glitt'ring toys:

And as our fancy teems each day,

Grasp still impersect joys.

ron: H

My highest Wish I now declare,

May I with means be blest;

To fnatch the wretched from despair,

And ease the lab'ring breast.

Where Mis'ry is to Virtue join'd, There fix my constant care;

With Precepts fill the untaught mind,

And teach it heav'n to fear.

May I ne'er blush my thoughts to own,

Though devious from the croud;

But spurn each Vice from Gustom grown,
Which Virtue's rays o'ercloud.

We live not for ourselves alone,

But freely to impart,

Our aid and care to ev'ry one,
Who feels Misfortune's dant.

My hand shall check the rising tear,

Or share the Suff'rers wee,

I'll cherish Merit, Truth revere,

While Life's warm stream shall flow.

ELEGY on Mrs. Susannah Allason, Relict of the Rev. Dr. Allason, of Middleton, in the Bishoprick of Durham, who endured many Years illness with exemplary Patience.

HERE on the lap of earth, her native bed,
The foftest pillow for an aching head;
See the long dying, patient suff'rer laid.
In peace she rests, a tempest-beaten flow'r,
Conq'ress of years, yet Conquest of an hour.
So falls the bravest champion of the wood,
The goodly Oak, that long exposed has stood,
To all the shocks of a rude blust'ring war,
To winds and rain, and rebels of the air;
After a gen'rous consist with them all,
At length by one strong master-stroke doth fall.

Thus she, but ah! I tremble to relate, How great her Courage, and how hard her Fate. Cities we read, and citadels of rock, Of ten long Summers siege, have borne the shock; But for a wall of flesh, a house of clay, Thus to endure, is more than Man can fay. Who, but the mark of heav'n's peculiar care, Could fuch sharp pangs with pious calmness bear? Weak trembling Mortals, foon as terrors come, Faint, droop, and shrink into the friendly tomb. But she to impious murmurs ne'er did yield, Smil'd e'en in pain, and bravely kept the field: Thro' stormy billows, and a sea of tears, Urg'd on her heav'nly talk for twenty years. But thro' the longest and the darkest night, The blackest shades have their returns of light: Troubles, tho' ne'er so long extended, yet Have all their periods and their exits set. No more in pain she rears her humble head, No more sleep flies her irksome mortal bed; No more distorted, rack'd with pain she lies, No more her bosom heaves convulsive sighs.

The stars have all their poison'd arrows spent,

By heav'n for trial of her Virtue sent.

Her toils are o'er, and all her grief and pain,

Calm'd like the haleyon bosom of the main:

Her labour's over, and her warfare done,

And one unceasing reign of bliss begun:

For if afflictions wing the soul to God,

She was most blest, beneath his chast'ning rod.

Patient she bore Oppression's iron hand,

Convinc'd it mov'd by God's express command;

To him she lest her injury's to repay,

And for forgiveness for her Foes did pray.

May her example ev'ry breast inspire,

So may our souls to heav'nly bliss aspire.

VICE and VIRTUE.

TRIUMPHANT Vice may for a while, Mistaken Man's weak heart beguile;

o blarose salal ind

In gaudy pomp and luftre thine,

With Venus sup, with Bacchus dine;

The good despise, and trample on

The useful, and the honest one:

But sooner shall the king of kings

Invert the right and wrong of things,

Then let the innocent and just,

Submit to stripes from kindsed dust.

Patient the bare Op reliion's from hands.

Shall foon like fetting Suns decay;
And Innocence, the veil'd in night,
Shall foon as rifing Suns grow bright:
Suns that shall never set again,
But shine eternal with a train
Of endless glories, brighter far,
Than Suns and Stars together are;
While all the pomp of Vice and Pride,
Shall like unceasing waters glide,

RI

and it allows the productions of the state o

And never more behold the day,

But in eternal darkness lay.

To T. O. Esqr. who was Born on Christ-MAS-DAY.

Salar Abib Witted with and Animal Sild W.

THE sacred, aweful morn! which gave thee Birth,

To uncreated worlds salvation gave;

To contrite sinners, hope, and peace on earth,

Death lost its sting, and Vict'ry sled the grave.

Thy Saviour came in humble meekness drest,

His matchless suff'rings prov'd his boundless love;

For thee the jav'lin pierc'd his guiltless breast,

That thou might taste eternal bliss above.

Then let thy grateful thanks to heav'n ascend,

Mark'd by thy Birth the sav'rite child of heav'n;

With humble heart thy Saviour's steps attend,

Much is expected where great wealth is giv'n.

,150 1

Thy bounteous God has richly stor'd thy mind,

With ev'ry principle that's good and great;

While Learning has thy native dross refin'd,

And form'd thee to deserve a smiling sate.

Let not Ambition, with her cheating ray,

Or senseless Mirth, thy precious hours employ;

Let no one act disgrace thy natal day,

And rob thy bosom of internal joy.

Death left line head

By thy great Master's bright example led,

Ah! let not rage unharmonize thy voice;

Let soft Compassion grace thy ev'ry deed,

And make the Suff'rers sighing heart rejoice.

Pursue, with steady aim and pious care,

That path which leads to God and peace below;

So shall thy morns a smiling aspect wear,

Nor starts of guilt thy balmy slumbers know.

Machine experted where great results is given

For ever keep thy natal hour in view,

And ne'er shalt thou from Virtue's dictates stray,

So heav'n shall pour each earthly bliss on you,

And crown thy labours with eternal day.

Love and FRIENDSHIP.

Daleh each velfel does inteen ever tide,

To Mis MIRA S----.

DEAR Mira, were it possible to find
Two kindred souls in Hymen's fetters join'd:
Nought then on earth could interrupt our joy,
But Love and Peace would ev'ry hour employ.
To see the Bullrush wedded to the Oak,
The gen'rous Steed with Tygers in a yoke;
The Hawk or Eagle woo the Turtle-dove,
Or Wolves to harmless Lambkins making love;
Howstrange'twould seem, the same with nymphs and swains,
Who heedless rush into the nuptial chains.

[[60:]]

Forbear then, ah I we Waterland are
Forbear then, ah! ye, Youthe and Wirgins fair, 1991 1997 107
Heedless to wander into Capid's foore; dank 19 on bo A
To brave the winds on troubl'd feat is fado in the north of
To venture on the fea of Love's as bad :
Unless each vessel does in concert ride,
With union flags, and jointly stem the tide.
Circe's dread shore no greater ills surround.
Than in Love's dang'rous voyage are found;
byrens to lure us ev'ry where are set,
But faithful hearts are rarely to be met
Oh! facred Friendship, sweet extatic sound,
Where art thou Love I where Friendship's to be found?
Thou art the basis of a lasting I am
Thou art the basis of a lasting Love, All other spurious or abortive
The saw Could Bright of the delication
The succion tica:
CAUCI Q ID ODE frame
And form one lasting one celestial stame!
Love's facred temple on the before and
Love's facred temple on thy basis rear'd,
Is consecrate to heav'n; by men rever'd:

The cement then is stronger knit by far, I had in mor? Than closest joints in master-buildings are; Rich bleffings drop around in gentle show'rs, And Life's fair tree is hung with fruits and flow'rs, No arts of foes, or incidents of life, Can work the least unkindness, pain, or strife. What then is pow'r, or gold, or rank, or pride, Or all the splendor of the world beside? They're trifling all, no pleasures are so sweet, As those which in congenial tempers meet. Dind veil'T Not all the wealth which dares the faithless seas, Nor all the beds of down, for Stoics case, noise light to 1 Can make fo fweet, so foft a couch as thefe. and the to J Elisian poppies lull the pair to cest, divisions from to I And dreams of blifs make e'en their slumbers blest: If heav'n a kindred heart should deign to give, and at Then haste, dear Maid, the Gordion knot to weave: o' The foul for folitude was ne'er defign'd, onni alofand io ! God gave the word, and bless'd the focial mind. Look round, and ice how many fellow-worms,

With meagre looks implore thy needful aid;

Rejoic'd to take of thy superstuous crumbs,

Which thou to waste are not afraid.

"Gather the crumbs, that none be loft,"

Said Jesus, when he dealt his heav'nly bread;

Shall we not save them from our cost,

To feed the poor, when we by heav'n are fed?

In life united -- tharea the filent grave.

Oh Faith! oh Charity! sweet twins,

Offspring of heav'n! oh, had we

One grain to bury with our sins,

How would it shoot into a goodly tree.

Pray then for Grace, with hope disperse abroad,

Thy pearls in alms, as seed into the ground;

They'll not be lost, tho' coarse and deep the road,

But at the last a golden crop be found.

Lock

Dear to the Widow and the Orphan's cry?

". Call shy bread upoc the weters for thoughbalt ind it

Still be thy mind as faultlefs as thy face a must be a

To CHARLES L. Efq. on his BIRTH-DAY.

ACCEPT these untaught numbers, nor refuse, The grateful tribute of an infant Muse; Nor rains o Whose only merit is to fing thy worth, And celebrate the morn which gave thee birth. Man born to woe, is not allow'd by fate mar heavin m To taste of joy, but in his infant state; For time steals all those blissful hours away, And peace deserts us with each fleeting day: Mature age demands man's ev'ry pow'r, To seize the blessings of each passing hour. Oh! may thy bosom no affliction know, May nought but happiness around thee flow; When Pleasure woods you to her treach'rous arms, And fond pursuits your panting bosom warms; Let not example, worth like thine destroy, Nor wreck thy peace for one polluted joy.

emathinerootic lucy,

baA

Still be thy mind as faultless as thy face, The keenest Satire on a vicious race. May Virtue's dictates make you truly great, And no dark moments hover o'er your fate: Be all your days unclouded and serene, Nor pain, or guilt, or forrow intervene. May Providence from ev'ry ill defend, And celebrate the And blameless pleasures on thy will attend; May heav'n my wishes crown, sincere they flow, And mark thy days with ev'ry good below; May Friendship's ray gild ev'ry gloomy hour, And thus in all his works thy God adore: May blooming health a mind at ease confess, And heav'n thy foul with peace eternal blefs. Oh! may thy bosom no affiction know,

To a Popular CANDIDATE at an ELECTION in the Year 1776.

May nought but happiness around thee flow

AND is it thus a servile herd repay,

Thy firm resistance 'gainst despotic sway,

And thus their Patriots crown?

Ungrateful Britons was thy facred care,

For them thou didst each threaten'd danger dare,

And brav'd thy Sov'reign's frown.

Say, where is England's guardian genius fled?

She droops appall'd, oppress'd she hangs her head,

Nor spreads her sacred flame.

Cato, arise! awake our slumb'ring guard,

But oh! conceal her Patriot son's reward,

And hide Britannia's shame.

Who, uncorrupt, their golden feas can flaer,

r for emai iliny i orat icolognasi bi b

mon said a train of W

Tho' at thy wrongs my soul indignant glows,

Yet Pity for my bleeding, falling Country flows,

And bids me plead her cause;

Do thou, tho' injur'd, still thy wrongs forego,

Swift snatch the Cyprus from fair Freedom's brow,

And fix her trembling Laws.

View Belisarius, tho' proscrib'd and blind,

Still lab'ring with a firm heroic mind,

To save the Roman name;

Revenge unsated, sled his noble breast,

He mourn'd his Prince by sycophants opprest,

And sacred held his fame.

Proud Rome alike her Regulus can boaft,

Shall Britain, by internal tempests toft,

Produce not one brave son?

Who, proof 'gainst ribbands, contracts, proof 'gainst sear,
Who, uncorrupt, thro' golden seas can steer,
And all State quick-sands shun.

Yer Lity for my bleeding, falling Country flows,

Yes, such there are, unite and rival Rome,

Scorn private ends, lead on to Freedom's dome;

Avert th' impending fate;

Ages to come shall hail each guardian name,

And stamp those Hero's with immortal same,

Who sav'd a sinking State.

On the MESSIAH.

Bioce choirs of questionates with Callege medical

WHEN infant harmony as yet was young,

And facred numbers warm'd the Poets tongue;

To purge from native Vice the human foul,

To wake the Passions, and enlarge the whole;

For this great end was Poetry design'd,

At once to regulate, and please the mind.

But now, alas! in this degen rate age,

The taints of Vice pollute the Poets page;

No more they sing their great Creator's praise,

Nor tune their soften'd lyres to heav'nly lays.

But thou, my Muse, thy artless Bard inspire,
With purer judgement, and diviner fire;
To nobler subjects guide thy humble wing,
And praise his name who gave thee pow'r to sing.
Disdain the path degen'rate Poets trod;
Nor think it mean to celebrate thy God.

Since choirs of angels in thy fong shall join, And golden harps thy harmony refine.

Long had the pow'r of Satan rul'd the earth, And latent seeds gave fertile Evil birth; In vain of Vice the hoary Seers complain, And Prophets threat the stubborn race in vain: With fcorn the facred Messengers were heard, They were revil'd, nor their great God rever'd. But obstinately bent, and firm to Vice, Their precepts scorn'd, and his great pow'r despise. Isaiah now foretold Messiah's birth, and wall stone of Peace and salvation to the sons of earth; That founds of war their direful rage should cease, And all the earth be univerfal peace: Universal peace: The impious world should wage revenge no more, The threat'ning thunder should no longer roar: O'ercome with shame, Iniquity lie dead, an aid shang bank And banish'd Virtue rear her injur'd head.

Mor think it mean to delebrate thy C

For thankless man, his great Creator dies, Himself the God, himself the facrifice; For them with pain the galling cross he bore, For them he wept, who ne'er could weep before: For them his shoulders felt the pond'rous load, When faint with toil, he trod the rugged road. When harden'd murd'rers stood relentless by, Nor dropt a tear from a repenting eye; When rescu'd sinners should have eas'd his moan, Paid tear for tear, and utter'd groan for groan: For us with thorns his facred temples bled, While crimson drops bedew'd his Godlike head. For us he bore th' infulting foldier's fcorn, Suppress'd his anguish, and forbore to mourn. What pangs, alas! what exitacy of imart, Must rend my great Redeemer's bounteous heart! When torn with spears, and red with sacred gore, Those eyes were clos'd, which bless'd the world before. But, ah! he dies

The trembling accents faulter on his tongue, and 10 I

Yet gracious blessings on those accents hung; in libraria.

His latest breath his lasting mercy shows, dry mode 10 I

And pours forgiveness on his cruel foes.

For them his inounders felt the pond'tous load,

And flashing light nings dart from pole to pole and mad W

The conscious earth distends its burthen'd womb, about
And restless bodies leave the peaceful tomb:

The marble temple from its center shakes,
And guilty souls to midnight horror wakes:

The conscious Sun with anger disappears,
And just resentment shakes the trembling spheresi

But now behold, the Son of God returns,
Again her Lord the guilty world discerns;
He burst the iron gates of vanquish'd Death,
Again triumphantly receiv'd his breath:

On cherubs pinions borne, to heav'n he slies,
And hallelujahs wast him to the skies!

In golden orbs, he reassumes his throne,

And wond'ring crouds th' ascending Godhead own.

On FAME.

Thou cheating echo, empty found---a name;
Thou faithless herald---but of fools the care,
Pride fledg'd thy wings, from pride thy power came.

What shape or hue thou'rt of, no mortal knows,

And yet all forms and colours thou dost wear;

None ever felt thee, yet all feel thy blows,

None ever faw thee, yet thou'rt ev'ry where.

Not so delightful is the blooming rose,

So sharp as thou the serpent cannot sting;

Thy smiles and frowns are cast on friends and fees,

Nor spares the peasant, warrior, or king.

Strange monster thou a paradox to tell,

That from the fruitful womb of nothing grows;

Thou strange variety of good and ill,

That from one source without distinction flows.

Ceale

Thou Fairy goddes, sprung from night and day,

Turn far from me thy treach'rous trump, oh Fame I

'Tis conscious Virtue's never dying ray,

Alone shall eternise my humble name.

nustion

Sweeter than incense shall her off'rings soar,.

To heav'n's high orb, and plead its servants cause,

For thou must cease, when time shall be no more;

While praise eternal waits God's sacred laws.

To a CAPRICIOUS young LADY.

raps theb und angelessing emachine use her

THO' in your eyes young laughing Cupids play,
Yet still with prudence use your boundless pow'r;
Nor think mankind will still your frowns obey,
Your charms admire, and blindly still adore.
Must Damon, still the sport of wanton sate,
A prey to Love's capricious pow'r remain;
Contemn'd to prove the gods severest hate,
Known victim to thy charms, and not complain?

worth

You cannot wreck his peace, and fave your own.

Extempore Verse, spoken to TWELFTH-NIGHT,
In the Character of FORTUNE.

hor in the factor, if you well deficive,

ECCLESIASTES, Ghap, site Ver 8. 10 YOUR message known, at your request I'm here, Willing I come, to hail the new-born year; Perhaps here's some who do their fates deplore, But let them think on forrows past no more: For I, this night, unbias'd, mean to give The lots, and banish ev'ry cause to grieve. Bach one has been prepar'd with equal care, And light's the burthen which ye each shall bear: Each take your chance alike, and bear with case, If not your wishes, yet what fate decrees. For regal pow'r you'r anxious all, On one alone, the envy'd lot can fall: Be it on those who'll rule with gentle care, And fubjects you obey thro' love, not fear.

riola8

For you this night, I we left my splendid home, and all all to bring of better days to come;

For in the suture, if you well deserve,

You all alike shall my indulgence prove.

ECCLESIASTES, Chap. xii. Ver. 8.

UR message known, at your reduch I'm here

In the Character of FORTUNE.

FOND heedless Man, forget not in your bloom,

First fruits to offer him, from whom you come:

Before the Sun and Moon, and Stars grow dim,

And in thick mists your languid orbits swim;

Before the keepers of thine house give way,

Thy tuneful organs cease in tune to play;

Before the strong men to the seeble bow,

And all the springs of manly sense run low:

The almond-tree with hoary head look white,

And life's bright lamp obscur'd by shades of night.

Remember then in spring thy chiefest good,

E're winter frosts congeal thy glowing blood;

101

Is loos'd and broke, and thy immortal foul

Too late shall mourn its impious waste of time,

And weep in bitter pangs each former crime.

Before the wheels of life run slowly round,

And the crutch points to the expecting ground.

Before the pitcher at the fountain's broke,

And Death uncall'd, prepares the fatal stroke.

When thoughtless Man to his last home is gone,

Repentance then, will not for fin atone.

Thoughts on viewing a new Ship.

Hadi herb renewing, docks the ground,

WHEN I behold the Builder's art,

In turning fuch dull logs of wood;

To fuch great ends, my conscious heart,

Forebodes to me eternal good.

First rise into a goodly tree;

Then once more humbl'd by the stroke,

Of the keen axe all blighted lie:

"Till by the Merchant bought, is thence, ravid edit arola?
Transferr'd into the Artists hand, wood bis blook
Its beauty strikes th' astonish'd sense, and it is it also on
. A stately bark upon the strand. Total di que bout
And from a worm than may not I,
Who did from God receive my breath; was all bad
Tho' in the grave o'erwhelm'd lie 1, an and ain the a clear
Rise purer from the sleep of Death?
Reviving hope! fince all things round, dollar and
The Resurrection preach aloud; was and some and
Each herb renewing, decks the ground,
And lives again, in state more proud,
And tho' I here lie down obscure,
Opprest with woe, I'll not despair,

But in full hope, my lot endure,

And for a nobler state prepare.

An Epistle, in Imitation of Horace.

VARUS, wouldst thou substantial honour gain,
Shun Flatt'ry, as thou wouldst a deadly bane;

Praise

Praise to thy face, altho' well earn'd and just, Should in thy youthful bosom wake distrust. Honest thyself, mankind thou can'st not read, 'Till dear bought Knowledge contradict the Creed Which shallow reas'ners hold, to Prudence blind, That Caution ever marks a guilty mind. Waste not thy sterling worth on knaves and fools, Nor lengthen thou the lift of Factions tools: The Wit will praise thy parts, the needy Knave Thy lib'ral mind extol, and humbly crave To be thy Treasurer, and ready Slave. While the mock Patriot calls thy warmth divine! And moves his Puppet, as his wants incline: The fawning Priest, in scraps of Latin, praise Thy classic Knowledge, and adopt thy lays. If you espouse on superficial ground, A stranger's Cause, you've full employment found: If on his errands you to great men go, Chance but you make yourself a future foe;

But if with smiles your suit my Lord receive,

First wait th' event, and then you may believe.

If you succeed, see him obsequious stand,

With body humbly bent, and cap in hand,

And swears you his best services command:

You part warm friends, yet scarce beyond the door,

Your face and services are known no more;

Success, like Lethe's stream, past woes essay,

And leaves of benefits no grateful trace.

True, you will still be paid, for words are cheap,

But, if you fail, you keen reproaches reap.

Ne'er to the People's idol join thy fate,

Least you deplore your ill-tim'd zeal too late:

The Rabbles fondness is a restless thing,

Ne'er true to ought above them, God or king.

Too late thou may'st these salse pursuits lament,

Thy fortune gone, thy time in error spent;

From sad rememb'rance no delight you'll find,

But, Appemantus like, detest mankind:

While the recele Patriot Calls' thy margner divise

To falshood us'd, o'erlook the virtuous few, And judge of all, in one false point of view: Shun'd by good men, you'll pass a lonely life, The scorn of fools, and mark of useless strife: With anguish view the precepts Friendship taught, For Wisdom may be far too dearly bought; If when too late its heav'nly worth is found, It only serves the conscious breast to wound. Not to contract thy free-born foul I aim, Or damp thy ardent thirst for virtuous fame, Or check the progress of thy rifing name: Thy mental springs I would in safety guide To proper channels, free from errors tide; Reduce thy will to Reason's gentle sway, And make each vagrant wish her will obey. On moral Virtue ev'ry action huild, est der tiektigen elekt And all thy aims a rich reward shall yield; Strive not the tender feelings to controul, Nor check the foft effusions of the foul.

The humid eye adorns the manly face, was Loon is ou And paints the foul of high celestial race; Thy faithful wife and offspring first demand Love and protection from thy plighted hand: Thy Country next succeeds, and claims thy care, Not first, as mad Ambition's rules declare; Behold in noble Chatham's injur'd dame, The faith of princes, and a people's shame. But if true patriots in one cause unite, In numbers equal to the facred fight, Pour thy best blood, and do thy Country right: A host of virtuous men unshaken stand, While bawling Knaves but curse a groaning land. Next let mankind on equal terms posses, Thy love and care, and thy kind aid confess; No faith, no country, 'cause not thine, despise, Our actions only 'tis which reach the skies. Brand not the modest man with name of fool, Proud the referv'd---precise who act by rule;

The frugal covetous, the prudent fly,

The ferious dull---the circumspect a spy.

Before you judge, for full conviction seek,

Man's sight is short, and penetration weak;

Pure wisdom, like pure gold, in secret lies,

Deep hid in mines, remote from vulgar eyes:

All hues are yellow to the jaundic'd eye,

But time and care will their true worth descry.

Such precious wisdom gain'd---you then will know;

The real worth of ev'ry good below:

If you with Prudence steer, you'll surely find,

Mirth crown your bowl, and sweet Content your mind;

Soft Peace shall guide the feeble-steps of age,

And Varus's Virtues charm each future age.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! thou source of earthly joy,

Excess of thee, can never cloy;

Thou endless spring of new desires,

E'en Love without thee, soon expires.

Firm cement of focial life,

Strong shield from Envy, Care, and Strife:

Spark celestial! heavinly ray!

Bright Sun that gilds the darkest day.

Sweet child of Reason, friend of Man, Whose birth from Virtue first began.

Of great and noble deeds the spring,
Best theme that spreads the Poet's wing,
Oh, haste, and to my bosom bring
Joys surpassing power or gain,
No bliss without thee long can reign.

Haste then, and to my bosom give,
That good alone for which I live.

Equal Fondness, equal Love,
Equal Truth, oh let me prove;
Oh, grant my heart a kindred Mate,
The only boon I ask of Fate.

Oh! legge in since then to be

PARAPHRASE on the 12th PSALM.

H well advis'd, oh words divine! Attend my foul, and make them thine. In vain, alas! thou feek'ft for joys, In worldly goods, and gilded toys: In vain on Man thou wouldst repose, An aching heart, and piercing woes. How long will thankless Man refuse, Salvation and God's love abuse? How long in winds repose his trust, Or write in water, build in dust?

What if the Indies both shou'd join, To make their golden mountains thine; What if a thousand kings should meet, And lay their sceptres at thy feet, Would this relieve thy pangs within, Thy cares and fears, thou Man of Sin?

ton sixtimus and i

Oh! learn in time then to be wife, And only God and Virtue prize; Fix there your staff, and build your trust, Nor hope for blis from fordid dust. The greatest monarch of the earth, A naked beggar is by birth; And naked as he was at first, Must soon return again to dust, Rest not your faith then or deceive Thyself vain mortal, but believe The faithful Psalmist to be right, That vanity is not fo light As faithless Man whose breath is in His nostrils, full of deadly fin; The vainest thing beneath the sky, A crawling reptile, fummer fly: Man true not even to himself, Who rests his hope on worldly pelf; To that their native wishes run, As sun flow'rs open to the Sun.

Let then your faith on God alone,

As on a rock, be fixt upon;

No lasting faith is found in dust,

He only is, and can be just.

In vain on Man we rely,

The Sun alone can clear the sky.

They all linheld high invited the

The following Lines were written at the Request of a particular Friend of General Wolfe's --- which it is hoped will be a sufficient Apology for the Repetition of this Subject, as such an exalted Character is an inexhaustible Theme for the Muse to exercise her Powers upon.

DESCEND, Urania, and my verse inspire
With purest harmony, and sacred fire;
To paint the matchless youth in numbers strong,
Heroic, sweet as Homer's golden song:
Strains equal to his worth---pure, manly, bold,
Strains, like his deeds, which never can grow old.

Jove,

But ah! in vain, too precious is the book, wow next to Immortal pow'rs alone, the Lyre should tune. To and a nation's Love. The set who ell that my humble verse attempts to prove, a stand of its his high merits, and a nation's Love. The set who ell the To sing in artless strains th' immortal man, we have the Whose same in infancy of years began.

And marked him his, the infant finited

And marked him his, the infant finited

Affent, the god approv'd, and call'd him fon,

And round his temples twin'd his laurel crown.

Apollo fain the honor would have had,

And Jove himself contended for the lad:

But Mars afferting bold his prior right,

To him they gave the god's supreme delight.

Yet to approve their kindness was not fled,

Bach dropt a bleffing on his infant head.

Phoebus a garland of the choicest wit,

Compos'd of ev'ry Virtue, for him knit;

Strains, like his decast, w

Jove, sweetness, love, and goodness, mixt with these,
And ev'ry art, and ev'ry pow'r to please;
While the enraptur'd parent God design'd,
A boundless share of courage to his mind.

The Aurhor to her Muss

When to maturity the youth drew near,

They all beheld high int'rest for their care:

A thousand virtues beam'd with splendid ray,

A thousand graces teem'd with every day:

The valiant young Eugene, in him reviv'd,

In him the Hero, and his genius liv'd:

But he thro' years of labour but acquir'd,

That same which Wolfe but ask'd, and then expir'd.

Beneath his arm the soes of Britain bled,

Before his sword their frighted squadrons sled:

And do they sly---the bleeding Hero cry'd?

"They sly"---I thank heav'n, he said, and dy'd.

describe medical to the total

Furfue the meddle courfe, with Ready wing

Jove, sweetach, love, and goodness, mixt-with these,

On Horace's Condemnation of all indifferent

The AUTHOR to her MUSE.

A boundless share of courage to his minden at

THE Text, Urania, stares thee in the face, And stamps thy lines already with difgrace: But why fo hard, thou mighty Bard of old, No coin to pass as current, but pure gold? Sure their are gems and sparks that brightly shine, Besides large diamonds of the purest mine? If not, no pictures should be held to view, But what a Ruben's, or Corregio drew. No system true, but what a Newton wrote; No precepts good, but what a Locke has taught But fear not, Muse, no Critic arrows fly, But at exalted marks, safe in an humbler sky: Pursue the middle course, with steady wing, And mind not what Horation fatires fing.

For gen'rous minds will pardon what is wrong,

And view with friendly eye thy grateful fong.

The Consolation.

By Faith fuffairs d. no illa Lil feat, an absent gental of

From Psalm xciv, Verses 16, 17, 18, 19.

.. Truths facred now'r health, ...

When septilly reat his west or

WHOM, O my God! will me defend

From those who work my woe;

Or save me from th' o'erwhelming flood,

Whence endless forrows flow?

Even thou, my God! in whom I trust,

Shall lead me thro' the deep;

My weary soul by thee refresh'd,

No more shall sigh and weep.

The pris'ner long in dungeon pent,

Hails not returning day,

With that pure joy which I receive,

From thy omniscient ray.

That

That beam divine: my foul hall guide, nim zuor non non Thro' fornows dark abode;

By Faith sustain'd, no ill I'll sear,
Supported by my God.

'Twas trust in thee did Joseph lead, X MIAS MONT

My weary fact by thee refreshid, and entries and off

with that pare joy which a receive, see and team

To Pharaoh's throne, and provid thy love,

To those who seek thy face. work along the system.

Falfly accus'd, ---his wounded fame,

Truths facred pow'r heal'd;

That sharpest woe, detractions sting,

From thee is not conceal'd.

Repentant David comfort found,

When anguish rent his breast;

When sloods of tears bedew'd his couch,

And inward pangs confest.

SanT .

Thy faving hand a Cordial bore,
To the fierce Lion's den;

To fiercer Lions, Men. mode, farromani gnivi no

Whole bear a beat eye, the wide expanse

Compos'd by feraphs, fearce can keep-

Could reach jehova's praise.

When Sun nor Star resplendent shine, and so the And Job in darkness wept;

His mental Eye thy light explor'd,

Where Mercy never slept.

If thro' Affliction's thorny way,

Thy will should make me tread,

Grant that on thee I may repose,

Grant that on thee I may repose,

And rest my drooping head.

My foul refign'd, shall humbly bend,

No fears my bosom fill;

Thy spirit shall my strength renew,

My cup with nectar fill.

minali

On Dr. WATTS'S Divine Poems.

And Job in darkness west;

The will hould make me tread,

HAIL, happy Bard, whose favor'd Muse, and and off

Of you wide arch explores.

The spheres alone thy rivals are, which was a second with the work which are which are which are work and which are which are

Compos'd by seraphs, scarce can keep

In unison with thine.

Thy strains in sweeter cadence flow,

Than Siloa's sacred spring;

Whose lucid sace, reslects the throne,

Of heav'n's eternal king!

No more let modern Bards aspire,

Their earth-strung harps to raise;

Thy heav'n inspir'd strains alone,

Could reach Jehova's praise.

Homer

And wars destructive rage; wood board and I

Such meaner themes could ne'er approach,

Thy facred healing page.

Tho' Maro, led by Nature's hand,

The joys of Arno's guiltless swains,

Ovidian foftness ne'er can charm, de band videns and W. Oppos'd to Reason's pow'r,

And Prior's wit imparts no joy,

Beyond the festive hour.

But thy sublimer strains awake

The Sinner's torpid soul;

for a pile und muche seasing

And points the path which he must tread,

To reach the promis'd goal.

Their facred pow'rs employ, and the narrow gate,

Which leads to endless joy.

Each ruffled passion tun'd to Peace,

By thy sweet Lyric song;

While list'ning angels from on high,

Unseen around thee throng.

What earthly hand shall dare presume

To range, by rules of art,

Thy sweeter strains, since Music's pow'r,

Can no such sounds impart?

Not Handel's wond'rous skill could reach

Great Milton's sacred fire;

Whom then shall dare prophane thy verse,

Or to such same aspire?

dis

But Avince there with cinclemans in seems but out again

Thou, thou alone, to heav'n must bear,

Thy Hymns, thy Songs divine!

And in thy own celestial orb,

The holy minstrels join.

While round th' eternal King they stand,

And join their tuneful pow'rs;

The arch of heav'n shall catch the sound,

While thy wrapt soul adores.

The SEARCH.

The royal roof I next explor d.

Their muitless topicand wrongs beforeaks, assess aron'w

LONG time, by native impulse led,

In search of happiness I stray'd;

The City, Court, and Camp I trod, and additionally

The Sylvan scene, and Classic road;

The Convent's gloom, the Hermit's cell,

Where sages say she deigns to dwell.

'Mongst Pleasure's sons I sought the fair,

For Folly told me she was there,

Unwilling still the search to end,

'Till I had found this envy'd friend,

In cities sure I thought to find,

Contentment with Industry join'd;

But Av'rice there with cruel hand,

Bore uncontroul'd, severe command;

The wealthy Merchant counts his store,

And grinds the poor to add still more:

Whose wretched garb and meagre cheek,

Their fruitless toil and wrongs bespeak.

The royal roof I next explor'd,
In hopes it would my toil reward;
Thro' gilded chambers on I past,
Where all the splendor of the East
Was lavished to allure the sight,
And fill the gazer with delight.
Yet strange! no friendly form was there
To guide my search, or end my care;

For Folly told me the was theres.

No found but Envy's his was heard,

No form but foul Deceit appear'd:

Suspicion trembled at each sound,

And secret treasons shook the ground.

From this sad scene in haste I turn'd,

And its ill-sated master mourn d;

Convinc'd a Crown conceals a sting,

Nor bliss attends the name of King.

Where founds of war invade the night,

And fill the Vet'ran with delight;

I took my way, where glory leads,

Her eager fons to noble deeds:

But there I faw the Soldier toil,

The titled Villain grafps the spoil;

The hard-earn'd honour boldly claim,

And build on others deeds his fame.

While tyrant pow'r refused to hear,

The mangl'd Vet'ran's humble pray'r;

Where Oxford a rarrecondinate allegate rechorate

From this fed feene in battle I form A real and

Who starving, fights his Country's cause,

A Slave amidst protecting laws,

At last returns, with leave to tread

Those realms he sav'd, in search of bread.

With eager joy to plains I flew,

The tranquil rural fcene to view:

But here Defire, that foe to rest,

That reigns in ev'ry human breast,

The Peasant's envy'd lot corrodes,

Ambition reaches low abodes.

He reads of wealth in Cities gain'd,

And feels his active mind restrain'd;

He throws with rage his plough-share by,

And views his neighbour with a sigh;

Whose barns well stor'd, pronounce him blest,

Tho' secret anguish haunts his breast.

To Learning's seats I took my flight,
Where Oxford's turrets charm the sight;

Where Science proudly rears her throne, And bids the envying world look on; Where on fam'd Isis' verdant side, Two of discracks Pierian nymphs and swains reside; The tuneful Nine here deigns to rove, Nor mourn their envy'd stream above. il at and notated. But foon I faw this hallow'd ground, HV ban valencia With ev'ry human vice abound; Integral d in cales Here Genius check'd by wealthy fools, The noxious weeds of public schools; Whose dullness passes off for sense, As long as they can gold dispense: syny 2 become add Or Tutor bribe, with hope of place, In Church, when he becomes his Grace. Here modest Merit humbly stands, With folded thumbs, and ready hands; While fecret pangs his bosom rends, With feelings born for nobler ends. Here mean disguise conceals with art, The fecret spring that move the heart,

lyon introd

Whole duling a palice of for lend

The teares forms that anove whereart

As long as ther

In Chanch, was

While Envy foul, and Satire keen,

In men of greatest parts are seen.

For pedant Pride, and bigot Rage,

Too oft disgrace the classic page.

Nor are the awful structures free,

From riot and impiety;

Religion here in secret wept,

Morality and Virtue slept;

Intomb'd in cases out of sight,

Beneath the care of College whight.

From thence I past to Gallia's shore,
The sacred Convent to explore;
For there Religion's victims say,
No cares disturb the tranquil day;
No anxious wish invade the night,
But all is heart felt pure delight.
But, ah! the cheat was ill conceal'd,
The frequent sigh, the truth reveal'd.

None fled the world for love of God,

They only fled the rugged road,

Where wayward passions sought in vain,

Felicity from vice or gain.

Each fled the world from deep disgust,

From souler guilt, or dark distrust,

And vainly hop'd that heav'n would hear,

A seign'd repentance, while the tear

Due to departed pleasures fell,

And stain'd with guilt the sacred veil.

From thence my way I onward bent,

Where folitude proclaim'd content;

Beneath the shelter of a wood,

An aged Hermit's bower stood:

Secur'd alike from Northern blast,

And scorching insluence of the East;

From haunt of busy Man conceal'd,

To such it only stood reveal'd,

With Suger delight I gaz d'aroune,

Who fought like me, that peace to find, Which flies the throng of human kind; Or those whom Phosphor's faithless ray, Leads thro' unbeaten paths aftray. At length the unbar'd door appear'd, Its watchful Lord my footsteps heard: With graceful air, and smiles serene, The hoary father led me in; Said, I might there repose awhile, And chearful then, renew my toil. With fweet delight I gaz'd around, No wants but those of Nature found: Rush neatly wove, his couch compos'd, On which his aged limbs repos'd. His shelf an Epictetus grac'd, Near which an earthen lamp was plac'd; His needful scrip of ozier made, And faithful staff his wealth display'd: Save beachen bowls, and cups a few, His frugal board expos'd to view.

And yet there seem'd in these bestow'd, Each want that Nature's voice allow'd: While thus employ'd---the Hermit spread, His uncarv'd board, with oaten bread. Then spread his vegetable feast, With hand profuse to greet his guest: And from the neighb'ring chrystal brook, Cool draughts in beachen goblets took; And virgin honey from his store, Extracted from each fragrant flow'r. With joy I thought my search was o'er, Resolv'd to seek for bliss no more In City, College, Court, or Cot, Or vainly think she is the lot, Of Peasant, Warrior, or King, Tho' Bards their envy'd stations sing. With care I watch'd the Hermit's eye, His breast methought suppress'd a figh; And when we talk'd of focial joys, Which ev'ry feeling heart employs,

slidWV

The tear, ill check'd would filent flow, The faithful mark of rooted woer with that they don't Compassion bade me change the theme, olomo and oli W And paint all earthly blifs a dream: Silent affent confirm'd my fear, ald stand and hard north And prov'd appearance once fincere. With grief I rose, my thanks I paid, His bleffing crav'd, the Father pray'd With fervent zeal, that on my way, and and but but No dangers might my speed delay. With penfive step, opprest with care, i good I to all W I left the Cell, while black Despair to dest of by violed Forbad each hope that life would give, That boon for which we wish to live. I dried which we One other path remain'd unbeat, how we wanted to Where smiling Pleasure holds her seat; The Temple reach'd, a splendid train, but I was divi Proclaim'd her pow'r and wide domain. Here Riot rul'd with boundless sway, a dody buk And Night usurp'd the throne of Day;

While each with eager rapture flew, To seize the half-born bliss in view. Each path with blooming flow'rs was spread, Sweet vi'lets deck'd each mosfy bed; And golden bowls of nectar crown'd With new blown roses, swift went round: While choirs of fmiling Cupids strung Their Paphian harps, and sweetly sung The charms of wine, and joys of Love, And ev'ry bliss their vo'tries prove. But, ah! the mantling bowl conceal'd, Station ned W The feeds of Death too late reveal'd; The blooming rose contain'd a dart, That deeply pierc'd the erring heart. In ev'ry path a ferpent lay, And fubtly watch'd his easy prey; While Poverty brought up the rear, Attended by the fiend Despair.

What region now could I suppose Did earthly happiness enclose? 'Twas plain the heav'nly Maid was flown, And occupied a brighter zone. Brisio should nublen bak The fruitless task I here resign'd, And fought her in my humble mind; Determin'd to pursue the road, That mark'd by Virtue, leads to God. The charms of wi For this great end my home I fought, Posses'd with hope, and serious thought. When, lo! the long-fought Maid appear'd, And thus my doubting bosom chear'd: Pursue, she cried, thy virtuous aim, Nor henceforth know me, but by name: That you no more in vain may roam, I will reveal my envy'd home; In virtuous minds I only dwell, As lovely Manchester can tell; Such are on earth my bleft abode, And fuch I offer up to God.

This precept learn, in time be wife,

And I'll translate thee to the skies.

To CHARLES ALEXANDER MALET, Esq. Superintendant of English Affairs at Cambay, in the East-Indies, and a Relation of the Author's.

ACCEPT the off'ring which Uriana brings,
From Albion's shore, upon advent'rous wings;
At Friendship's call the blue-ey'd virgin soars,
And seeks with hasty slight the Asian shores:
O'er raging billows, sledg'd with hope she slies,
Thro' trackless courses, on to unknown skies.
Spurn not the Muse, whose artless numbers slow,
From sentiments, whence kindred seelings glow;
But greet her kindly, and reward her toil,
If not with approbation, with a smile:
Forgive the bold intruder's first offence,
And let the wish to please, be her defence.

Congenial minds not winds or seas controul, They will unite, tho' far as pole from pole. Then why not I the friendly wish convey, And footh thy moments with my humble lay? But was my pen to paint thy Country's woc, Thy gen'rous breast with virtuous rage would glow. Not Asian tyrants reign with sterner pow'r, Than foul Corruption o'er this aweful hour: Venality, and thirst of arbitrary sway, And new oppressions mark each rising day. At length to check their rage, a chosen band Of Freedom's fons unite with heart and hand; In doubtful balance hangs Britannia's doom, And struggling mischiefs rend Fate's burthen'd womb. In ev'ry teeming hour her arm we fee, And kingdoms have their fates as well as we. Discord and Murmur stalk throughout the land, And dark suspicion shakes her Ebon wand; Omens of Civil War, awake our fears, Her sword already half unsheath'd appears:

Reeking it comes from the Atlantic plains,

Drench'd in the blood we drew from kindred veins:

It comes in vengeance, for our impious spoils,

And on ourselves with ten-fold force recoils.

Unhappy England! whose once dreaded name,

Stood foremost in the highest rolls of same,

How art thou fall'n, insulted and disgrac'd,

No foreign soe thy glory has abas'd?

But Britons born, and educated here,

Points 'gainst their Country's breast, the hostile spear;

And Paracides in guilt, with compound art,

Plunges the dagger in thy parent heart.

E're that the Muse can reach thy burning shore,
The name of Freedom may exist no more:
Or if restor'd by heav'n's assisting hand,
Thousands must bleed to purify the land:
The trembling Matron, like the frighted deer,
Rush into danger, blinded by her fear;

Thro' facred isles the Courser's hoofs resound,
And mangl'd limbs pollute the hallow'd ground:
The groans of dying men, the din of arms,
And all the countless train of war's alarms;
The tented vale, the seat of peace and joy,
No more the whistling Reapers care employ;
No more shall safety tread the shady wood,
But chrystal currents blush with British blood.

These are the fruits of curs'd Ambition's pow'r,
And these the woes that threat this gloomy hour.

Far from a scene of so much guilt and pain,
In health and safety may you yet remain;
With patience wait a more auspicious hour,
Nor seek this satal, this distracted shore;
No more thy Country, thou no more her friend,
Than she protects, do thou her rights desend.

Should Freedom once more reign, and Plenty smile,
Than haste to own, and bless thy native isle;

To glad with joy a Parent's anxious heart, And to each kindred breast thy worth impart. But let not Eastern splendor warp thy soul, From Virtue's path, or fpurn her wife controul: The wants of Nature are with ease supplied, The wants of Fancy are a ceaseless tide, Rushing impetuous thro' the vale of life, Rending our bosoms with eternal strife: Borne on its waves, we roam from shore to shore, Only to meet one fatal shipwreck more. With treach'rous hope our panting bosoms teem, But fay, did life e'er realize the dream? Ceaseless Desire, that bane of joy and rest, That wish for fomething which is not possest; Which if once gain'd, might prove our deadliest bane, And in our bosoms plant acutest pain. Wealth brings not always joy, the middle sphere Of life perhaps may be exempt from fear? Fate loves a lofty mark, the rich excite The rage of Envy, from their greater height;

Plac'd on a pinnacle which bears to view,

Each vice and virtue, in its native hue.

While loaded coffers nerves the ruffian band,

To weild the poinard with unerring hand:

While ill-got wealth conceals an aspies sting,

Pois'ning the streams whence social pleasures spring-

But when the noble love of human kind,
And virtuous pride directs the active mind;
To feek thro' guiltless paths an honest fame,
And raise the splender of a drooping name;
On such pursuits indulgent heav'n will smile,
And with success and honor crown the toil.
Such then be thine, and only such the spring,
Whence all thy actions plume their ardent wing.
Blame not the frankness of a candid Muse,
Thy mind tho' spotless---yet will not resuse
The precepts offer'd from a semale voice,
Tho' weak our judgments, sometimes right our choice;

Mine is an honest Muse, no studied art

Pollutes the theme that issues from the heart:

Learning might clothe the Maid in splendid dress,

But might not more the heart-felt wish express;

Deign to submit to Friendship's gentle sway,

As her first-fruits accept this humble lay.

Command each service her wide pow'rs contain,

So shall my heart its anxious wish obtain;

May all your efforts with success abound,

And life's last stage with self-applause be crown'd.

The RECONCILEMENT.

countries and the collection of the section of dates.

THE world and I have long contending been;
Experience taught by many a painful scene,
At length has made the soolish wranglers friends,
And fruitless strife tho' undecided ends.

Hope led me on, in search of bliss below,
All seek, but none her habitation know.

I fought in vain, a broken reed I found, And oft a spear which gave a deadly wound: On its envenom'd point, Peace bleeding lay, And Hope expir'd beneath its baleful ray. The cause to learn, I sought with care to find, The endless mazes of the human mind; Pale Disappointment o'er each wish prevail'd, Nor e'en the force of Virtue once avail'd. In vain each effort kindness could suggest, Conspir'd to wooe sweet Friendship to my breast; Beneath her smiles she bore a poison'd dart, With black Ingratitude it smote my heart. In vain I try'd to keep my little store Of earthly wealth, nor felt a wish for more; Save on the throbbing bosom to bestow, That peace and succour which I ne'er must know. But crouding ills the slender tenure broke, And hard injustice fix'd her galling yoke. I wearied heav'n incessantly to spare My Parents fondness to my ardent pray'r,

But with them, peace, protection, comfort fled,
And ceaseless thunders burst upon my head.
Long time I struggl'd to escape the storm,
By ev'ry effort guiltless thought could form,
But ah, in vain! relentless fate pursu'd,
And wrongs repeated, ev'ry pang renew'd.
And when I thought to reach a place of rest,
The raging billows smote my fainting breast;
Impetuous hurl'd me on a desert shore,
Nor path or shelter could my eye explore.

Where then to find, beneath a threat'ning sky,
A refuge, where my harras'd foul can fly?
Where I can wait the kind approach of Death,
And to the hand that gave, refign my breath?
Heav'n knows I fought but needful comfort here,
A kindred heart to footh each anxious care,
To pass in calm retirement my days,
And form each action to Jehova's praise:

But now no wish remains, the conflict's past,

And in the game of life my die is cast:

Its joys have now no charms, its woes no sting,

To move a soul already on the wing:

Eager to reach those regions of the blest,

Where injury ceases, and the weary rest.

An Epistle to the Author, by Lieutenant Charles Henry S. on his Departure to the East-Indies.

YON tow'ring bark with swelling sails,
Must bear me to the Eastern gales;
Alexis now, with grief attends,
Alas! he quits his much-lov'd friends.
With pensive step he treads the strand,
The guardian of fair Albion's land.
To you, dear friend, with blessings crown'd,
And pleasures endless in their round;
Whose parents tender, friends sincere,
Mark with new joy, each circling year;

loads and the wire of temps, Life)

How well should my weak pen display,

To paint my pangs this fatal day.

To Albion's fertile plains adieu!

Her rural scenes for ever new;

Her hills, her vales, her cooling streams,

Which ever were my fav'rite themes:

From moss rob'd oaks, and friendly shades,

From artless swains and village maids;

And from the friend of sense resin'd,

With talents great, and gen'rous mind;

Deserving of an early same,

And ev'ry Muse to hail her name.

To fuch, alas! I bid adieu,

Britain, Alexis flies from you!

Stern fate compels to quit thy shore,

Perhaps to view thy cliffs no more;

No more in peace to pass the day,

And join the dance or festive lay;

No more to share the rapt'rous hour,

Resign'd to Friendship's soothing pow'r.

Oh! Hope in pity lead me thro'

The scenes of suture woe in view;

Descend with soothing influence o'er

My sultry march, or rocky shore:

On downy pinions wing the toil,

At leaving Britain's darling isle.

Int'rest may urge, but Fame shall lead,

For her alone, my veins shall bleed;

Blest, if each spicy gale could bear

The wish of Love, and Friendship there.

But anxious cares must cloud the scene,

Too dark for Hope to intervene;

Rememb'rance will my toils attend,

And paint each lov'd, each anxious friend.

Sad thought, Philosophy oh! say,

Teach me to chace these pangs away;

And join the dance or iding

Teach me to bear, or ease my mind, Of racks and tortures in their kind. Severer far than those that part The vital springs that move the heart; Anguish 'till now, ne'er reign'd with pow'r, O'er me, or my fad thoughtful hour. But, fay Ambition's flaves, oh! fay, Say can I quit you in my lay? Sordid, unfeeling other's woe, Gold is the only God ye know: Deserve ye not my keenest pen, Ye fons of darkness, form'd like men? For you I quit my native land, To tread a foreign hostile strand. Oh! when amidst the burning day, Reclin'd with wearied limbs I lay; Fatigu'd with war, or worse with thought Of fad experience dearly bought, And fee each friend, ideal fee, Detesting you, and pitying me;

Shall I forbear to wish your name,

Debas'd from ev'ry height of fame?

No, scorn'd be those whose bliss depends

On fordid deeds, and impious ends.

Down, swelling heart, waste not this hour,

Sacred to Friendship's heav'nly pow'r.

To you, my faithful friend, to you,
Fain would the Muse devote your due.
Oh may thy bosom ever find,
The purest bliss of human kind:
May guardian peace surround your dome,
Nor adverse fortune urge from home;
Each step of life, soft may it glide,
And blessings teem on ev'ry side;
So shall you never sorrow know,
Nor want a friend, or meet a foe.
But sail thro' life with gales serene,
Nor squalls of ill shall intervene;
But gentle as the evening breeze,
All shall be love, content, and ease.

Defift, my Muse, and must I go?

Break, swelling heart, the tear must flow:

Alexis must obey, stern Fortune's call;

Alexis must, must quit his all,

His friends—the vessel sails, adieu!

And Albion's snow—white cliss, to you

My gazing eyes shall rest on thee,

'Till buried in thy neighbour sea:

And landed on an Eastern shore,

When my sad Muse can sing no more;

To Britain's fair, for ever true,

My sighs devoted as their due;

And one sad sigh, my Country, be to you.

LINES addressed by an unknown Hand to the Author, on Reading her Verses to Miss ----, and several other Pieces.

WHOE'ER thou art, dear Maid, whose lines impart, At once delight and wisdom to the heart; Oh! deign to listen, while my pen reveals, The new-born transports which my bosom feels; While with surprise I thro' thy numbers trace, A charm more lasting than a lovely face; A mind adorn'd with each unfading grace. For in this shameless age amaz'd I see, The Roman Marcia live again in thee. Soho's destroying Priestess * never taught, Precepts like those with which thy verse is fraught, Where genius, learning, dove-ey'd pity join, To prove thy faultless nature all divine. Oh! would each giddy, each mistaken fair, But cultivate her mind with half thy care, And follow Reason's laws, she then would see, Men ne'er would change, were women all like thee. With such a gem to fill our raptur'd arms, We'd spurn the meteor blaze of Fortune's charms; Ne'er should we through false Pleasure's mazes roam, Could we but find more folid bliss at home:

^{*} Mrs. Cornely's, famous for conducting Masquerades, and other Meetings of Gallantry.

A faithful

A faithful part'ner would each wish engage,
Check e'en the sure approach of hoary age,
Blunt sorrow's keenest pang, our joys encrease,
And but with life our heav'n-born raptures cease.

Come, all ye various wretches fate has made,
Unite with me to bless this gen'rous maid;
Invoke heav'ns savour on this gen'ral friend,
May it her heart from ev'ry pang defend;
And guard the breast where such rare virtues grow,
Since pure the source from whence such feelings slow;
Bless her with health, and grant her mutual love,
Anticipate below, her bliss above;
Let boundless fondness all her joys compleat,
For sure to love, a heart like her's must beat:
Beyond Missortune's reach her dwelling be,
From danger safe, and ev'ry sorrow free:
And may all those who follow Virtue's laws,
Meet with a pen like her's to plead their cause:

For sure the most obdurate heart must melt,

At woes thus told, the such it never selt:

Even sordid breasts must useless pity yield,

For never pen did greater pow'r wield.

On you, dear Maid, may ev'ry bleffing wait,
May no dark moments hover o'er your fate;
May facred Friendship pour its healing balm,
And Love return'd, your doubting bosom calm.
And may the happy youth, whoe'er he be,
Admire and venerate thy mind like me;
Enamour'd gaze upon thy matchless worth,
Whose bloom shall live, when Beauty sades in earth:
With rapture class thee to his grateful heart,
And never, never from such worth depart:
Who wounds thy peace, may he to wilds be giv'n,
Outcast of men, and mark of angry heav'n.

23 JY 68

FINIS.

